THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 1, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

FOURTH OF JULY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

And NOW for MENNEN'S

AT THE SEA SHORE

Mennen's

Borated Talcum

Toilet Powder

is indispensable. It is cooling and soothing to a parched skin and gives immediate relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all other skin troubles of Summer. After bathing, after shaving and for infants it is refreshing and delightful.

Not on our package, but on our Powder, we have built our national reputation. See that you get the original. Avoid ordinary powders, highly scented with cheap perfume and put up in ornamental packages. The price of great success is a host of imitators. Don't be misled by the unscrupulous dealer who says "just as good." Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
10 Orange St., Newark, N. J.
Try MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM

A Princely Gift for Your Wife

Model 27, Stanhope,
Open or Victoria Top, Price $1,400.

Many men buy a POPE-Waverley ELECTRIC for their wives,

JUST as many men go to the circus "because the children want to go." They generally wind up by using and enjoying the Pope-Waverley as much as either wife or children.

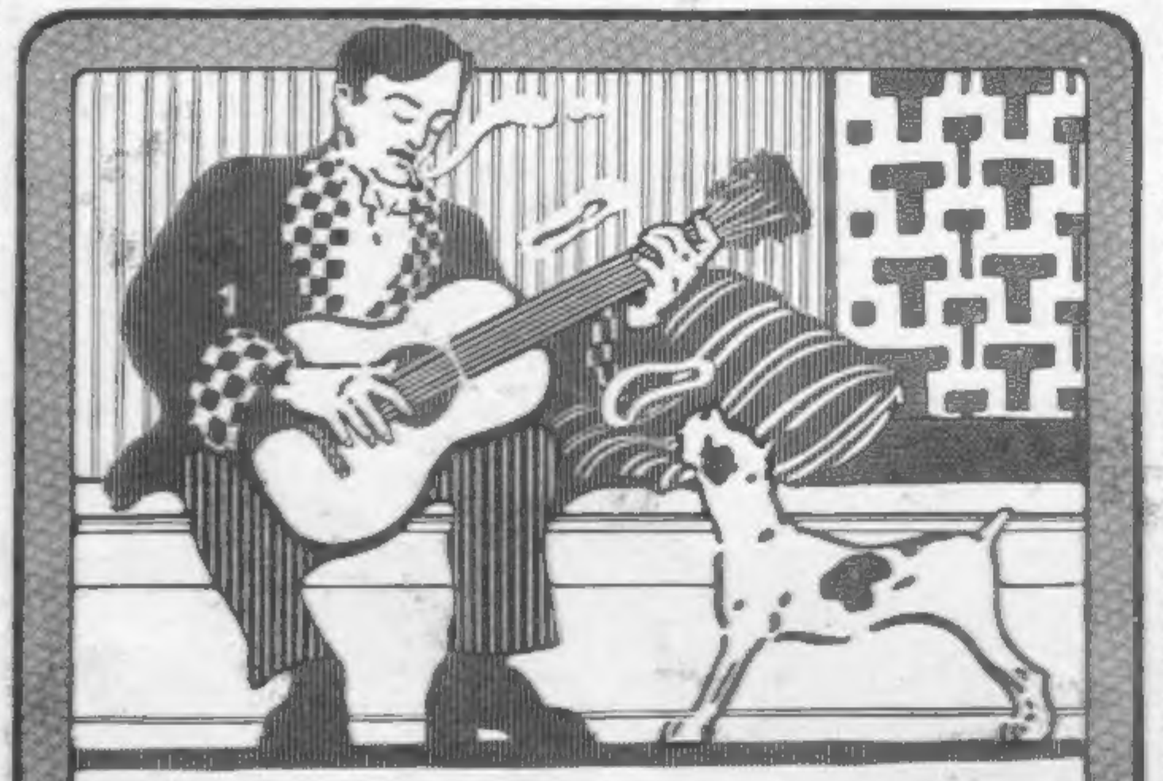
In the gasoline field there is some latitude for investigation and comparison—in the electric field your choice is practically narrowed down to the Pope-Waverley, whose pre-eminence is absolute, unique and unquestioned.

The more you study the electric situation the more you'll feel like owning a Pope-Waverley—no matter whether you operate other cars or not.

Anyway you'd better write for the handsomely illustrated catalogue which will give you a graphic idea of the infinite possibilities of the Pope-Waverley from the standpoint of both pleasure and utility.

We make Coupés, Chelseas, Surreys, Stanhopes, Station and Delivery Wagons. Prices $850 to $2,250. Also Trucks on specifications. Write for complete catalogue and name of our agent nearest you.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. Desk L Indianapolis, Ind.



¶ Murad Cigarettes were not made in a day, or in a year—but only after sixteen years of increasing success in selecting and blending the rarest and best growths of Turkish tobacco. Allan Ramsay, who makes

MURAD CIGARETTES

and offers them to Americans as his best production, served for sixteen years as government expert of Turkey, and during that period made exclusively the private brands used by the members of Turkish court circles.

10 for 15 cents

BY MAIL POSTPAID.—If you can't get Murad Cigarettes from your dealer, send 15c. for ten, 75c. for fifty, $1.50 for one hundred.

ALLAN RAMSAY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

$5200 in Cash

For Introducing Us to Your Friends This Summer

Thousands of young people will have lots of spare time on their hands during the vacation season between now and September first. You can turn this spare time into money if you want to.

We want a lot of young people to act as our representatives—to look after renewals and to send new subscriptions. For each subscription and renewal forwarded a liberal commission will be paid. But that is not all.

Among the 350 persons who do the best work between now and September first we will, in addition to the commission, divide $5200 in cash. You can earn as much as $600 in prize money, and you cannot help earning something. It is not necessary that you should have had any experience, and there is no expense involved. You can devote just as much or as little time to it as you like.

If you are interested you can gain all the information and everything necessary for starting the work by addressing a postal card to

Circulation Bureau, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1, 1905 Number 1

The Young Man in the World

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Young Man and the Nation

YOU are an American—remember that. And be proud of it, too. It is the noblest circumstance in your life. Think what it means. The greatest people on earth—to be one of that people; the most powerful nation—to be a member of that nation; the best and freest institutions among men—to live under those institutions; the richest land under any flag—to know that land for your country and your home; the most fortunate period in human history—to live in such a day: this is a dim and narrow outline of what it means to be an American. Glory in that fact. Your very being cannot be too highly charged with Americanism.

And do not be afraid to assert it. The world forgives the egotist of patriotism. "We Germans fear God and nothing else!" thundered Bismarck on closing his greatest speech before the Reichstag. It was the very frenzy of pride of race and country. Yet even his enemies applauded. If it was narrow, it was grandly patriotic. It was more: it appealed to the elemental in their breasts. Love of one's own is a universal and deathless passion, common not only to human beings but also shared by all animate creation. Be an American, therefore, to the uttermost limit of consciousness and feeling. Thank God each day that your lot has fallen beneath the Stars and Stripes. It is a sacred flag. There is only one holier emblem known to man.

You have American conditions about you every day, and so their value and advantage become commonplace and unnoted. To any young man afflicted with the disease of thinking life hard and burdens heavy in this Republic, I know of no remedy equal to a trip abroad. You will find things to admire in France; you will applaud things in Germany; you will see much in other lands that suggests modifications of American methods. But, after you have traveled all over the earth, after you have seen Teutonic system made ten times more perfect in Japan and French patience outdone in China—in short, after you have circled the globe and sojourned among its peoples—you will come home a living, *thinking* Fourth of July.

Of course I do not mean that we are perfect—we are most crude; or that we have not made mistakes—we have rioted in error; or that other nations cannot teach us something—we can learn unlimitedly from them, and will. But this is the point as it affects you, young man: Among all the uncounted millions of human beings on this earth, none has the opportunities to make the most of life that the young American has. No Government now existing, or described by history, gives you such liberty of effort, or scatters before and around you such chances. No soil now occupied by any separate nation is so bountiful, or resourceful. No other people have our American unwearied spirit of youth. The composite brain of no other nation teems with thought and ideas like the combined intellect of the American millions.

For, look you, our institutions invite every man to do his best. There is positively no position which a man of sufficient mind, energy and character cannot obtain, no reward he cannot win. Everybody, therefore, is "putting in his best licks" in America. In other countries there is a general atmosphere of "what's the use?"—a comparative slumberousness of activity and effort. Then, again, the American people are made up of the world's boldest spirits and the descendants of such. The Puritans, who gave force, direction and elevation to our national thought and purpose, were the stoutest hearts, the most productive minds of their time. Their characteristics have not disappeared from their children.

The same is true, generally—but, of course, in an infinitely lesser degree—of our immigrants to-day. Generally it is the nervy and imaginative men who go to a new country. Our own pioneers were endowed with daring and vision. They had the courage and initiative to leave the scarcely warmed beds of their new-made homes and push farther on into the wilderness. The blue-eyed, light-haired Swede, who, among all in his little Scandinavian village, decides to come to America; the Irishman and Italian who do the like, are the hopeful, venturesome, self-reliant members of their communities across the sea. The German who turns his face from the Fatherland, seeking a new home half across the world, brings us some of the most vigorous blood in the Kaiser's Empire. Such men believe in better things—have the will to try to get those better things.

Thus the American Republic is an absorbent of the optimism of the world. We attract to ourselves the children of faith and hope among the *common* people of other nations. And it is these we are after. They are the most vital—the least exhausted. I should not want "the flower" of other nations to immigrate to our shores—Nature is through with them and they must be renewed from below. Do not object to human raw material for our citizenship. One or two generations will produce the finished product. What says Emerson?

> The lord is the peasant that was,
> The peasant the lord that shall be.
> The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
> One dry, and one the living tree.

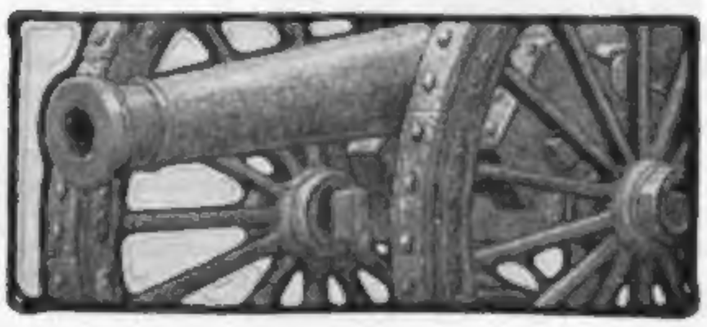
Remember that the purpose of our institutions is to manufacture manhood. Make it impossible for the criminal and the diseased to come to us; discriminate against those who seek our country merely because they cannot subsist in their own, and you will find that the remainder of our immigrants are a valuable addition to our population. Don't despise these common people who come to us from other lands. Don't despise the common people anywhere on earth. The Master did not go to the "first citizens" for His followers. He selected the humblest. He chose fishermen. A promoter of a financial enterprise does not do this. But the Saviour was not a promoter; He was teacher, reformer, redeemer.

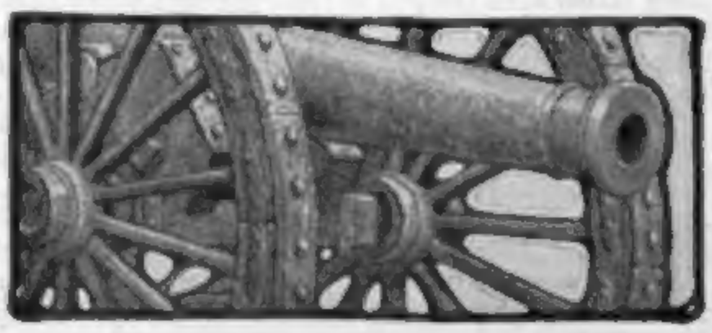
Then, too, consider our imperial location on the globe. If all the minds of all the statesmen who ever lived were combined into one vast intellect of world-wisdom, and if this great composite brain should take an eternity to plan, it could not devise a land better located for power and world-dominance than the United States. On the east is Europe with an ocean between. This ocean is a highway for commerce and a fluid fortress for defense—an open gateway for trade and a bulwark of peace. On the west is the Orient with its multitude of millions. Between Asia and ourselves is, again, an ocean. And again this ocean is an invitation to effort and a condition of safety. The Republic is thus enthroned between the two great oceans of the world. Its seat of power commands both Europe and Cathay.

On the north is slowly building a great people developing a dominion as imperial as our own. The same speech and blood of kinship make certain the ultimate union with our vital brothers across our northern frontier. To the south is a group of Governments over whom the sheer operation of natural forces is already establishing a sort of American oversight and suzerainty. Mark now our harbors. Behold how cunningly the Master Strategist has placed along our coasts great ports from which communication with the ends of the earth naturally radiates.

Consider, too, the sweep of the ocean's currents in relation to this country. Observe the direction and effect of the Gulf Stream and of the great current of the Pacific seas upon our coasts. Trace on your map the direction of our rivers and see how nicely Nature has designed the tracery of the Republic's waterways. In short, ponder over the incomparable position of this America of yours—this home and country of yours—on the surface of the globe. When you think of it, not only will your mind be uplifted in pride, but you will sink to your knees in prayerful gratitude that the Father has given you such a land with such opportunities for your earthly habitation.

You can meditate all day on the reasons for pride in your Americanism, and each reason you think of will suggest a thousand others. The examples I have given are only hints. Be proud of your Americanism, therefore—earnestly, aggressively, fervently proud of your Americanism. I like to see patriotism have a religious ardor. It will put you in harmony with the people you are living among, which I repeat is the first condition of success. Also, it puts a vigor, manliness, mental productivity into you. Make it a practice, when going to your business or your work each morning, to reflect





how blessed a thing it is to be an American and why it is a blessed thing. Then observe how your backbone stiffens as you think, how your step becomes light and firm, and the very soul within you floods with a kind of sunlight of confidence.

There was a time when each one of that masterful race that lived upon the Tiber's banks in the days of the Eternal City's greatest glory believed that "to be a Roman was greater than to be a king." And the ideals of civic duty were more nearly realized in that golden hour of human history than they had ever been before—or than they have ever since been until now. Very well, young man: if to be a Roman then was greater than to be a king, what is it to be an American now?

Think of it! To be an American at the beginning of the twentieth century!

Ponder over that phrase for ten minutes every day. After a while you will begin to appreciate your country, its institutions and the possibilities which both produce.

Institutions That Are Alive

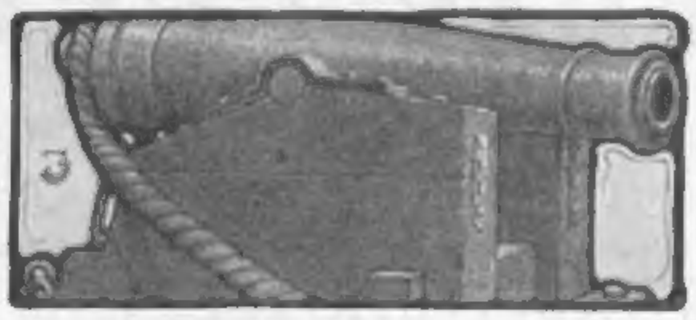
REALIZING then that you are an American and that, after all, this is a richer possession than royal birth, make up your mind that you will be worthy of it and then go ahead and be worthy of it. Be a part of our institutions. And understand clearly what our institutions are. They are not a set of written laws. American institutions are men in action. American institutions are the American people in the tangible and physical process of governing themselves. A book ought to be written describing how our Government actually works. I do not mean the formal machinery of administration and lawmaking at Washington or at our State capitals. These multitudes of officers and groups of departments, these Governors and Presidents, these Legislatures and Congresses are not The Government. They are nothing but the instruments of government. The real thing is found at the American fireside. This is the forum of both primary and final discussion. These firesides are the hives whence the voters swarm to the polls. The family is the American political unit. Men and measures, candidates and policies are there discussed, and their fate and that of the Republic determined. This is the first phase of our Government, the first manifestation of our institutions.

Then comes the machinery through which these millions of homes "run the Government." In every county of every State of the Nation each party has its committee. This committee consists of a man from each precinct in each township of the county. These precinct committeemen are chosen by a process of natural selection. They are men who have an aptitude for marshaling their fellowmen. In the *country* districts of the Republic they are unusually high-grade men—good health, good ability, alert, sleepless, strong-willed. (This description is of the *country* precinct committeeman.) Always they are men who have enough mental vitality to believe in something. When they cease to be effective they are dropped and new men substituted by a sort of common consent. There are nearly two hundred thousand precinct committeemen in the United States.

These men are the unit of American institutions in action. They work all the time. They talk politics and think politics in the midst of their business or their labor. Their casual conversation with or about every family within their jurisdiction keeps them constantly and freshly informed of the tendency of public opinion. They know how each one of their neighbors feels on the subject of protection, or the Philippines, or civil service, or the currency. They know the views of every voter and every voter's wife on public men. They understand whether the people think this man honest and that man a mere pretender. The consensus of judgment of these precinct committeemen unerringly indicates who is the "strongest man" for his party to nominate and what policies will get the most votes among the people.

This is their preliminary work. When platforms have been formulated and candidates have been chosen these men develop from the partisan passive to the partisan militant. They know those who, in their own party, are "weakening," and, by the same token, those who are "weakening" in the other party. They know just what argument will reach each man, just what speaker the people of their respective sections want to hear upon public questions. They keep everybody supplied with the right kind of literature from their party's viewpoint. They either take the poll of their precinct or see that it is taken—and that means the putting down in a book the name of each voter, his past political allegiance, his present political inclinations, the probable ballot he will cast.

Not one in a hundred of these men does this work for money or office. There are too many of them even to hope for a reward of any kind. They do it because they are naturally Americans, because they have the gift for government, because they like to help "run the show." No set of men are more useful and no set of men are more modest, asking little for themselves. They do require,



however, that their opinions shall be taken into account as to appointments to office made from their county, and, of course, they make their opinions felt in all nominating conventions. Without these men our "American institutions" would look beautiful on paper—but they would not work. They would not move; they would rust and fall to pieces from decay.

This much space has been given to the political precinct committeeman because he is a type. He is the man who sees that the "citizen" does not forget his citizenship. This great body of men, fresh from the people, of the people, living among the people, are perpetually renewed from the ranks of the people. All this occurs, as has been said, by a process of natural selection. The same process selects from this great company of "workers" county, district and State committeemen—county, district and State chairmen. And the process continues until it culminates in our great national committees, headed by masterful captains of popular government, under whose generalship the enormous work of National and State campaigns is conducted.

The Full Meaning of Citizenship

IF YOU appreciate your Americanism, young man, show it by being a part of American institutions. Be one of these precinct committeemen, or a county committeeman, or a State committeeman. If you have neither the time nor aptitude for that, at least be a citizen. That does not mean merely that you shall go to the polls to vote. It does not even mean that you shall go to the primaries only. It means a great deal more than that. Be a member of an active political club which is working for your party's success. There are such clubs in every ward of our cities. They are the power-houses of our political system. Party sentiment finds its first expression there—often it has its beginnings there in the free conversations which characterize such American political societies. You will find the "leaders" gathering there, too; and in the talks among these men those plans gradually take form by which nominations are made.

These leaders are men who, in the practical work of politics, develop ability, activity and effectiveness. There is a great deal of sneering at the lesser political leaders in American politics. They are called "politicians," and the word is used as a term of reproach. As a matter of fact, outside of the cities, and especially in the country districts of the Republic, these "leaders" are men who keep the machinery of free institutions running. No "pull" can make you one of these leaders. The influence of no boss or political general can retain a man in leadership. Nothing but natural qualities can give him the place or keep him in it. The more we have of these men and the higher grade they are, the better. Whether you, young man, become one or not, you ought at least to be a part of the organization and work with the other young men who are leaders.

"I have no time for politics," said a business man; "it takes all my time and strength to attend to my business."

That means that he has no time for free institutions. It means that this "blood-bought privilege" which we call "the priceless American ballot" is not worth as much to him as the turning of a dollar or even as the loss of a single moment's personal comfort.

"Come down to the club to-night; we are going to talk over the coming campaign," said one man to another in an American city of moderate size and ideal conditions.

"Excuse me," was the answer; "we have a theatre party on hand to-night."

Yes, but while the elegant gentleman of society enjoys the witty conversation of charming women, and while the business man is attending to his personal affairs and nothing else, the other fellows are determining nominations and, under the direction of able and creative political

generals, shaping the policies of parties, and, in the end, the fate of the Nation.

The course of the business man was all right—if that was his conception of American citizenship. But if this is going to be "a government of the people and by the people," *you* as one of the people have got to take part in it. That means you have got to take part in *all* of it. In ancient Israel, a certain proportion of the year's produce was given to the Temple. In like manner, if popular government means anything to you, you have got to give up a certain portion of your time and money to *being a part* of this popular government.

Just this is the most important matter in our whole national life. Recently there died the greatest captain of practical politics America has produced. Firmly he had kept his masterful hand upon his State for thirty years—his enemies said that he had kept that hand upon the throat of his State. A dozen times were mighty efforts made to break his over-lordship. Each time his resourcefulness and audacity confounded his enemies. But finally that undefeated conqueror, Death, took this old veteran captive.

He left an able successor in his seat of power; but a man without that prestige of invulnerability which a lifetime of political combat had given the deceased leader.

"Here," said every one, "is an opportunity to overthrow the machine."

Within a few months an election occurred—not a national election, but one in which the "machine" might have been shattered. But—*mirabile dictu!*—the "good people," the reformers, the society and business classes *did not come out to vote*. They not only formed no plans to set up a new order of things—*they did not even go to the polls*. Yet these were the descendants of the men who founded the Nation and who set free institutions in practical operation!

This shows how American institutions, like everything else, have in themselves the seeds of death which will grow if the institutions are not properly exercised. When the great body of our citizens become afflicted with civic paralysis it is the easiest thing in the world for the strong and resourceful "boss," by careful selection of his precinct committeemen and other local workers all over his State, to seize power—legislative, executive and even judicial. It has been done more than once in certain places in this country.

Where it is successful, *the Republic no longer endures*, the people no longer rule: an oligarchy rules in the name of the people. And where this is true the people deserve their fate. And so, young man, if you do not expect this fate to overtake the entire country, you have got to get right into "the mix of things." Quit your attitude of aloofness. Get out of any clubs and desert all associations which sneer at active work in ward and precinct. Don't get political locomotor ataxia.

The President's Advice to a Would-be Diplomat

IT WAS a fine thing that was said by a political leader to a singularly brilliant young man from college, who, with letters of unlimited indorsement from the presidents of our three greatest universities, asked for a humble place in the diplomatic service. He wanted to make that service his career.

"I like your style," said the man whose favor the young fellow was soliciting. "Your ability is excellent, your recommendations perfect, your character above reproach, your family a guarantee of your moral and mental worth, but you have done nothing yet among real men. Go back to your home, get out of the exclusive atmosphere of your perfumed surroundings; join the hardest-working political club of your party in your city; report to the local leader for active work; mingle with those who toil and sweat. Do this until you 'get a standing' among other young men who are doing things. Thus you will get close to the people whom, after all, you are going to represent. Also this contact with the sharp, keen minds of the most forceful fellows in your town will be the best training you can get for the beginning of your diplomatic career."

"Now, let me tell you this," said President Roosevelt to this same young man. "You may have an undersecretaryship, but let me tell you this," said he: "don't take it just yet. You are only out of college. Take a post-graduate course with the people. Get down to earth. See what kind of beings these Americans are. Find out from personal contact. If you belong to exclusive clubs, quit them and spend the time you would otherwise spend in their cold and unprofitable atmosphere in mingling with the people, the common people, merchants and street-car drivers, bankers and workingmen. Finally, when you get your post, do as John Hay did: resign in a year, or a couple of years, and come home to your own country, and again for a year or two get down among your fellow-Americans. In short," said he, "be an American and never stop being an American."

That is it, young man; that is the whole law and the gospel of this subject. Be an American. And don't be a mere American of imagination. You cannot be an American

by seeing visions and dreaming dreams. You cannot be an American by reading about them. Professor Munsterberg's volume will not make you an American any more than a study of tactics out of a book will make you a soldier. It is the field that makes you a soldier. It is marching shoulder to shoulder with other soldiers that makes you a soldier. Very well! It is mingling with other Americans that makes you American. Our eighty millions will make you American; keep close to them. The soil will make you American; keep close to it.

Utilize your enthusiasms. Do not neutralize them by permitting them to be vague and impersonal. Be for men and against men. Be for policies and against policies. And remember always that it is far more important to be for somebody and something than to be against somebody and something. There is an excellent, though fortunately a small, class of citizens in this and every other country who are never for anybody but always against somebody. Usually these men are right in their opposition; but their force is dissipated because they are habitually negative.

I know of nothing better for a young man's civic character than that he should become the admirer and follower of some noted public man. Let your discipleship have fervor. Permit your youth to be natural. Be sure that the political leader to whom you attach yourself is worthy of your devotion. Usually this will settle itself. Public men will impress you not only by their deeds, words and general attitude; but also a sort of psychic sense illumines and interprets all they say and do, and makes you understand them even better than their spoken words.

This subconscious estimate of the qualities of mind and soul of public men will probably select for you the captain to whom you are to give your allegiance. Be faithful and earnest in your championship of him. In this way you make your political life personal and human. You give to the policies in which you believe the warmth and vitality of flesh and blood. And, best of all, you increase within yourself human sympathies and devotions, and thus make yourself more and more one of the people, who, in due time, in your turn it may be your duty to lead if the qualities of leadership are in you.

This matter of leadership among public men is becoming more and more important, because personality in politics is meaning more every day. Obeying generally, then, your instinct as to the public man whom you intend to follow, subject your choice to the corrective of cold and careful analysis. It is probably true that the greatest danger of our future is that of classes, and, inseparably connected with classes, the menace and peril of demagogy. The last decade has revealed signs that the demagogue, in the Greek meaning of that word, is making his appearance in American civic life. Such a man always seizes the most attractive "cause" as argument to the people for their support. They are quite as willing to pose as the especial apostles of righteousness and purity as they are to enact the character of the divinely appointed tribunes of patriotism. Whatever the political fashion of the day may be, your demagogue will appeal to it. It makes no difference what methods he finds necessary to use so that he can achieve the power which is his only purpose.

If the ruling tendency be for honesty, these men will make that serve their purpose; or commercialism, or expansion. There is no conviction about them. When a public man is in earnest, you will know it—know it without knowing why. Look out for the play-actor in politics. Sometimes such a man will represent himself as a great conservative. He does this not because he is conservative (sometimes he does not even know what that word really means), but because he thinks that, by associating his name with this word, he can capture the "solid" elements among the people, business men and the like.

(Continued on Page 19)

"It Was Trilby Over Again, and He Was 'Little Billee'"

The Golden Touch

By Arthur C. Train

McAllister's Flyer in Arizona Coppers

PART I

MC ALLISTER and his friend Wainwright were lounging before the fire in the big room, having a little private "Story-Teller's Night" of their own. It was in the early autumn, and neither of the clubmen was really settled in town as yet, the former having run down from the Berkshires only for a few days, and the latter having just landed from the Cedric. The sight of Tomlinson, who appeared tentatively in the distance, and then, receiving no encouragement, stalked slowly away, reminded Wainwright of something he had heard in Paris.

"I base my claim to your sympathetic credence, McAllister, upon the impregnable rock of universally accepted fact that Tomlinson is a highfalutin ass. I see that you agree. Very good, then; I proceed. In the first place, you must know that our anæmic friend decided last spring that the state of his health required a trip to Paris. He therefore went—alone. The reason is obvious. Who should he fall in with at the Hotel Continental but a gentleman named Buncomb—Col. C. T. P. Buncomb, a person with a bullet-hole in the middle of his forehead, who claimed to belong to a most exclusive Southern family in Savannah. Incidentally he'd been in command of a Georgia regiment in the Civil War and had been knocked in the head at Gettysburg—one of those big, flabby fellows with white hair. If all Tomlinson says about his capacity to chew fine-cut and absorb rum is accurate, I reckon the Colonel was right up to weight and could qualify as an F. F. V. He knew everybody and everything in Paris; passed up our friend right along the Faubourg Saint Germain; and introduced him to a lot of duchesses and countesses—that is, Tomlinson *says* they were. Can't you see 'em, swaggerin' down the Champs Elysées arm in arm? In addition, he took our mournful acquaintance to all the *cafés chantants* and students' balls, and gave him sure things on the races. Oh, that Colonel must have been a regular doodle-bug!

"In due course Tomlinson gathered that his new friend was a mining expert taking a short vacation and just blowing in an extra half-million or so. He believed it. You see, he had never met any of them at the Waldorf at home. He was also introduced to a young man in the same line of business, named Larry Summerdale, younger, dark and dashing. Tomlinson fancied himself a 'Boulevardier.' It was Trilby over again, and he was 'Little Billee.'

"Well, one night, after they had been to a students' ball and had had a little supper at the Jockey Club, the Colonel became a trifle more confidential than usual, and let drop that their friend Summerdale had a brother employed as private secretary by a copper king who owned a wonderful mine out in Arizona called The Silver Bow. The stock in this concern had originally been sold at five dollars a share, but recently a rich vein had been struck and the stock had quadrupled in value. No one knew of this except the officers of the company, who, of course, were anxious to buy up all they could find. They had located most of it easily enough, but there were two or three lots that had thus far eluded them. Among these was the largest single block of stock in existence, owned by the son of the original discoverer of the prospect. He had two thousand shares, and was blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were worth forty thousand dollars. Just where this chap was no one seemed to know, but his name was Edwin H. Blake, and he was supposed to be in Paris. It appeared that the Colonel and Larry were watching out for Blake with the charitable idea of relieving him of his stock at five, and selling it for twenty in the States.

"Next day, if you'll believe it, the Colonel didn't remember a thing; became quite angry at Tomlinson's supposing he'd take advantage of any person in the way suggested; explained that he must have been drinking, and begged him to forget everything that might have been said. Of course, Tomlinson dropped the subject, but after that the Colonel and he rather drifted apart. Then quite by accident, two or three weeks later, our friend stumbled on Blake himself—met him right on the race-track, through a Frenchman named Depau.

"Now our innocent friend had been sort of lonely ever since he'd lost sight of Buncomb, and this Blake turned out to be an awfully good sort. Tomlinson naturally inquired if he'd ever met the Colonel or Larry Summerdale, but he never had, and finally they took an apartment together."

"He must have been pleased when Tomlinson told him about the value of his stock," remarked McAllister, lighting another cigar.

"I'm comin' to that," replied Wainwright. "It seems that Tomlinson so far forgot his early New England traditions as to covet that stock himself. Shockin', wasn't it?

"One day, when they were lunching at the Trois Frères, our friend hinted that he was interested in mining stock. Blake laughed, and replied that if Tomlinson owned as much as he did of the stuff he wouldn't want to see another share as long as he lived, and added that he was loaded up with a lot of worthless stock—two thousand shares—in an old prospect in Arizona that he had inherited from his father, and wasn't worth the paper the certificate was printed on. The leery Tomlinson admitted having heard of the mine, but gave it as his impression that it had 'possibilities.'

"Then he had a sudden headache, and went out and cabled to The Silver Bow offices at the World Building here in New York to find out what the company would pay for the stock. In an hour or two he got an answer stating that they were prepared to give twenty dollars a share for not less than two thousand shares. Good, eh?

"Well, next day he led the conversation round again to mining stocks, and finally offered to buy Blake's holdings for five dollars a share. When the latter hesitated, Tomlinson was so afraid he'd lose the stock that he almost

raised his bid to fifteen; but Blake only laughed, and said that he had no intention of robbing one of his friends, and that the old stuff really wasn't worth a cent. Tomlinson became quite indignant, suggested that perhaps he knew more about that particular mine than even Blake did, and finally overcame the latter's scruples and persuaded him to sell. Then Tomlinson disposed of some bonds by cable, and that evening gave Blake a draft for fifty thousand francs in exchange for his two-thousand-share certificate in The Silver Bow of Arizona. He told me it had a picture of a miner with a pickaxe and a mule, standing against the rising sun, on it. Sort of allegorical, don't you think?

"Blake continued to protest that our friend was being cheated, and offered to buy it back at any time; but Tomlinson's one idea was to get to New York as fast as possible. He had cabled that the stock was on the way, and that very night he slid out of Paris and caught the Norddeutscher Lloyd at Cherbourg. I inferred that he occupied the bridal chamber on the way back all by himself.

"The instant they landed he jumped in a cab and started for the World Building; but when he got there he couldn't find any Silver Bow Mining Company. It had evaporated. It had been there right enough—for ten days—the ten days Tomlinson calculated that it had taken Blake to sell him the stock. But no one knew where it had gone or what had become of it.

"Well, of course," kept on Wainwright, "he nearly went crazy; cabled the police in Paris and had 'em all arrested, including Colonel Buncomb; and took the next steamer back. He says they had the trial in a little police court in the Palais de Justice. Buncomb had hired Maitre Labori to defend him. Everybody kept their hats on, and apparently they all shouted at once. The judge was the only one that kept his mouth shut at all. Tomlinson told his story through an interpreter, and charged Buncomb, Summerdale and Blake with conspiracy to defraud. When the Colonel realized what it was all about he jumped into the middle of the room, pushed his silk hat back of his ears, flapped his coat-tails, and sailed into 'em in good old Southern style. I tell you he must have made the eagle scream. He was a Colonel in the Confederate Army. The whole thing was a miserable French scheme to blackmail him. He'd appeal to the American Ambassador. He'd see if a parcel of French soup-makers and a police judge could interfere with the Constitution of the United States. Every once in a while he'd yell '*Conspuez*' or '*A bas*' and sort of froth at the mouth. He made a great big impression. Then Maitre Labori got in *his* licks. He said Tomlinson was a wolf in sheep's clothing—a '*vilain m'sieur*' whatever that is.

"Finally he inquired, with a very unpleasant smile, if Buncomb had ever asked him to buy any stock.

"'Tomlinson had to say 'No.'

"'*Did* Larry Summerdale?'

"'No.'

"'Didn't Blake tell him the stock was worthless?'

"'Yes.'

"'How did he know the stock wasn't worth what he paid for it?'

"'Well, he didn't absolutely.'

"Then Labori said something with a long rattling 'r' in it like a snake, and turned with a gesture of extreme contempt to the judge. He remarked that one glance of comparison between Colonel Buncomb and Tomlinson would show which was the gentleman and which was the rogue. Then the first thing our friend knew the court had adjourned—they had all been turned out—discharged—acquitted. But the thing that most disgusted Tomlinson was that as he was coming away he saw the whole push, the Colonel and Larry and Blake, all piling into a big autocar. They passed him going about eighty miles an hour. You see, Tomlinson had paid for that car, and he'd always wanted one to run himself."

"And what did Tomlinson do then?" asked McAllister.

"There was nothing he could do in Paris, so he came home on a ten-day boat and went to visit his uncle up at Methuen, Massachusetts. Gay place, Methuen! Saturday night you can ride down on the electric car for a nickel and hear the band play in front of the gas works. But the simple life has done him good."

PART II

ONE evening, several months later, McAllister and a party of friends dropped into a café after the theatre for a caviare sandwich before turning in. The hostelry, as usual, was in a blaze of light and crowded, but after

He Stared Horrified at His Former Master

waiting for a few moments they were given a table just vacated by a party of four. McAllister, having given their order, noticed a couple seated directly in his line of vision who instantly challenged his attention. The girl was ordinary—slender, dark-haired, sharp-featured, and clad in a scarlet costume trimmed with ermine—obviously an actress or "vaudeville artist." It was her companion, however, that caused McAllister to readjust his monocle. Curious! Where had he seen that face? It was that of a heavy man of approximately sixty, benign, smooth-shaven, full-featured, and with an expanse of broad white forehead, the centre of which was marked in a curious fashion by a deep dent like a hole made by dropping a marble into soft putty. It gave him the appearance of having had a third eye, now extinct. It fascinated McAllister. He was sure he had met the old fellow somewhere—he couldn't just place where. But that hole in the forehead—yes, he was certain! Listening abstractedly to his friend's conversation, the clubman studied his neighbor, becoming each moment more convinced that at some time in the past they had been thrown together. Presently the pair arose, and the man helped the woman into her ermine coat. The hole in his forehead kept falling in and out of shadow, as McAllister, his eyes fastened upon it like some bird charmed by a reptile, watched the head waiter bow them ostentatiously out.

"Fellows!" exclaimed McAllister, "look at those people just going out; do you know who they are?"

"Why, that's Yvette Vibbert, the comedienne," said Rogers. "She's at Proctor's. I don't know her escort. By George! that's a queer thing on his forehead."

McAllister beckoned the head waiter to him.

"Alphonse, who's the gentleman with Mademoiselle Vibbert?"

Alphonse smiled.

"Zat is Monsieur Herbert." He pronounced it Erbaire.

"Well, who's Monsieur Erbaire?"

Alphonse elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, protruded his lips, and extended the palms of his hands.

"Alphonse says," remarked McAllister, turning to the group, "Alphonse says that you can search *him*."

PART III

MCALLISTER had speculated for a day or two upon the probable identity of the man with the hole in his forehead, and then had finally given it up as a bad job. One didn't like to dig up the past too carefully, anyhow. You never could tell exactly what you might exhume.

The next Sunday afternoon, while running his eyes carelessly over the "personals," his notice was attracted to the following:

> BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.—Advertiser wants party with four thousand dollars ready cash; can make twelve thousand dollars in five weeks; no scheme, strictly legitimate business transaction; will bear thorough investigation; must act immediately; no brokers; principals only.
>
> HERBERT, 319 Planet.

The name sounded familiar. But he didn't know any Herbert. Then there hovered in the penumbra of his consciousness for a moment the ghost of a scarlet dress, an ermine hat. Ah, yes! Herbert was the man with the hole in his forehead that night at Rector's, that Alphonse didn't know. But where had he known that man? He raised his eyes and caught a glimpse of Tomlinson, the saturnine Tomlinson, sitting by a window. Of course! Buncomb—Col. C. T. P. Buncomb—Tomlinson's high-rolling friend of the Champs Elysées—turned up in New York as Mr. Herbert—a man who'd triple your money in five weeks! The chain was complete. If he kept his wits about him he might increase the reputation achieved at Blair's. It would require *finesse*, to be sure, but his experience with Conville had given him confidence. Here was a chance to do a little more detective work on his own account. He replied to the advertisement, inviting an interview. The "Colonel" would probably call, try some old swindling game, McAllister would lure him on, and at the proper moment call in the police. It looked easy sailing.

Accordingly the appointed hour next day found the clubman waiting impatiently at his rooms, and at two o'clock promptly Mr. Herbert was announced. But McAllister was doomed to disappointment. The visitor was not the Colonel at all, and didn't even have a bullet-hole in his forehead. A short, thickset man, arrayed carefully in a dark blue overcoat, bowed himself in. In his hand he carried a glistening silk hat, and his own countenance was no less shining and urbane. Thick bristly black hair parted mathematically in the middle drooped on either side of his forehead above a pair of snappy black eyes and rather bulbous nose.

McAllister somewhat uneasily invited his guest to be seated.

Mr. Herbert smilingly took the chair offered him.

"Mr. McAllister?" he inquired affably.

"Ye-es," replied the clubman. "I noticed your advertisement in the Planet, and it occurred to me that I might like to look into it."

Mr. Herbert smiled slightly in a deprecating manner.

"I admit my method savors a trifle of charlatanism," he remarked, "but the situation was unusual and time was of the essence. Are we quite alone?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Will you smoke?"

Mr. Herbert had no objection to joining McAllister in a cigar.

"The gist of the matter is this," he explained, holding the weed in the corner of his mouth as he spoke—a trick McAllister had never acquired—"I have a brother who is employed in a confidential capacity by the president of a large mining company—The Golden Touch. The stock has always sold at around four or five. Recently they struck a very rich lode. It was kept very quiet, and only the officers of the company actually on the field know of it. Needless to say, they are buying in the stock as fast as they can."

"Of course," answered McAllister sympathetically. He felt as if he had run across an old friend again. Things were looking up a bit.

"Well, I have located a block of which they know absolutely nothing. It was issued to an engineer in lieu of cash for services at the mine. He suddenly developed sciatica, and is obliged to go to Baden-Baden. At present he is laid up at one of the hotels in this city. Of course he is ignorant of the find made since he left Arizona, and of the fact that his stock, once worth only five dollars a share, is now selling at twenty."

"Well, he's a richer man than he supposes," commented McAllister naïvely.

Mr. Herbert smiled with condescension.

"Exactly. That is the point. If I had five thousand dollars I could buy his thousand shares to-morrow and sell it to the company at fifteen thousand dollars' profit. You furnish the funds, I the opportunity, and we divide even. I've a sure thing! What do you think of it?"

"By George!" exclaimed the clubman, slapping his knee delightedly, "I've a mind to go you! . . . But," he added shrewdly, "I should want to see the prospective buyer of my stock before I purchased it."

"Right you are; right you are, Mr. McAllister," instantly returned Mr. Herbert. "To-morrow morning you can go down and see the president of The Golden Touch yourself. The offices are in the New York Life Building."

"All right," answered McAllister. "To-morrow? Wait a minute; I've an engagement. Why can't we go now?"

Mr. Herbert nodded approvingly. Ah, *that* was business! They would go at once.

McAllister rang for Frazier, who assisted him into his coat and summoned a cab. On their way downtown

Herbert waxed even more confidential. He believed, if they could land this block of stock, they might perhaps dig up a few more hundred shares. Conscientious effort counted just as much in an affair of this sort as in any other. McAllister displayed the deepest interest.

Arrived at the New York Life Building, the two took the elevator to the fifth floor, where Herbert led the way to a large suite on the Worth Street side. McAllister rarely had to go downtown—his lawyer usually called on him at his rooms—and was much impressed by the marble corridors and the gilt lettering upon the massive doors. Upon a door at the end of the hall the clubman could see in large capitals the words:

THE GOLDEN TOUCH MINING CO.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

They turned to the left, and paused outside another door marked "Entrance." Herbert thought he'd better remain in the corridor—the president might smell a rat; so McAllister decided to enter alone. In an adjoining suite he could see some men testing a fire-escape consisting of a long bulging canvas tube, which reached from the window in the direction of the street below. Some one was preparing to make a descent. McAllister wished he could stop and see the fellow slide through; but business was business, and he opened the door.

Inside he found himself in a large, handsome office. Three gum-chewing boys idled at desks in front of a brass railing, behind which several typewriters rattled continuously. On learning that McAllister desired to see the president, one of the boys penetrated an inner office, and presently beckoned our friend into another room hung with large maps and photographs and furnished with a mahogany table, around which were ranged a dozen vacant but impressive chairs. In the room beyond, evidently the holy of holies, he could see an elderly man at a roll-top desk smoking a large cigar.

McAllister was beginning to lose his nerve; everything seemed so methodical and everybody so busy. Telephones rang incessantly; buzzers whirred; the machines clacked; and the man inside smoked on serenely, unperturbed, a wonderful example of the superiority of mind over matter. Who was he? McAllister began to fear that he was going to make an ass of himself. Then the magnate slowly raised his eyes; retreat became no longer possible. With a start, McAllister found himself face to face with the man with the bullet-hole in his forehead. The latter bowed slightly.

"I am President Van Vorst," he announced in a dignified manner.

McAllister hastily tried to assume the expression and manner of a yokel.

"Er—er—" he stammered; "you see, the fact is, I want to sell some stock."

The Colonel eyed him sternly.

"Stock? What stock?"

"In The Golden Touch."

The president slightly elevated his eyebrows.

"Stock in The Golden Touch? How much have you got?"

"About a thousand shares."

"Nonsense!" remarked the Colonel.

"No, it isn't," replied McAllister. "I have, really. What'll you pay for it?"

"Five dollars a share."

"No, no," said McAllister, edging nervously toward the door. "I think it's worth more than that."

"Come back here," muttered the other, getting up from his chair and scowling. "What do you know about the value of The Golden Touch, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps I know more than you think," answered McAllister, with an inane imitation of airy nonchalance.

"See here," said the Colonel excitedly, "is this on the level? Can you deliver a thousand?"

"Certainly."

The president sank back in his chair.

"Then you have located Murphy's stock!" he exclaimed. "You've beaten us! That cursed certificate was issued just before——" He paused, and looked sharply toward McAllister.

"Just before you made that strike," finished the clubman significantly.

"Hang you!" cried the Colonel. "What do you ask?"

"Eighteen."

"Too much. Give you ten."

McAllister started for the door.

At that instant a telegraph-boy entered and handed the president a flimsy yellow paper.

"Give you twelve," added the Colonel, casting his eye rapidly over the telegram.

"Can't do business on that basis."

"Well, you've got us cornered. I'll break the record. I'll give you fifteen."

McAllister hesitated.

"All right," said he rather reluctantly. "Cash down?"

"Of course," replied the Colonel. "I'll wait here for you. You might as well look at this now." And he showed the clubman the paper:

STAFFORD, ARIZONA.

Struck very rich ore on the foot wall. Recent assays show eight per cent. copper, carrying five dollars in gold to the ton.

"You see," added the Colonel, "I've got to get it, if it busts me!"

"Well, you shall have it in half an hour," replied McAllister.

Out in the corridor Herbert wanted to know exactly what had happened, and laughed heartily when McAllister described the interview. Oh, that old Van Vorst was a sly dog! He'd steal the gold out of your teeth if you gave him the chance. Eight per cent. copper, carrying five dollars in gold! That was even better than his brother had said.

"Alphonse Says That You Can Search *Him*"

On their way to the Astor House to see the sick engineer, McAllister stopped at the Chemical National Bank, on the pretext of procuring the money to pay for the stock, and there called up police headquarters. Conville presently came to the wire, and it was arranged between them that the detective should communicate with Tomlinson and bring him at once to the New York Life Building. There they would await the return of McAllister and follow him to the offices of the mining company.

McAllister then rejoined Mr. Herbert in the cab and drove at once to the hotel. The polite clerk informed the strangers that Mr. Murphy was bad, very bad, and that they would have to secure permission from the trained nurse before they could visit him. They might, however, go upstairs and inquire for themselves.

Mr. Murphy's room proved to be at the extreme end of a musty corridor, in which the pungent odor of iodoform and antiseptics, noticeable even at the elevator, gave evidence of his lamentable condition. A soft knock brought an immediate response from a muscular male nurse, who was at last persuaded to allow them to interview his patient on the express condition that their call should be limited to a few moments' duration only. Inside, the smell of medicine became overpowering. McAllister could discern by the dim light a figure lying upon a bed in the far corner shrouded in bandages, and moaning with pain. Near at hand stood a table covered with bottles of medicine.

"Wot is it?" whined the sick engineer. "Can't yer leave me in peace? Wot is it, I s'y?"

For the third time in his life McAllister's heart nearly stopped beating at the sound of that voice. It was, however, unmistakable. Should it come from the heavens above, or the caverns of the hills, or the waters beneath the earth, it could originate in but one unique, extraordinary individual—Wilkins! Wilkins, McAllister's old valet, at the present time abandoned to a life of crime, but for whom a warm place still remained in McAllister's heart. It was a startling complication, and for an instant McAllister's brain refused to cope with the situation.

"You really must pardon us!" Herbert began, "but we've come to see if you wouldn't sell some of your Golden Touch mining stock."

"'Oly Moses!" wailed the sick engineer, turning his head to the wall. "Oh, my leg! Wot do you come 'ere for about stock, when I'm almost dead? Go aw'y, I s'y!"

McAllister pulled himself together. He had intended buying the stock, and on returning to the company's offices to have Conville arrest Herbert and the Colonel, without bothering about the sick engineer. He was pretty sure he had evidence enough. But now, with Wilkins to assist him, he undoubtedly could force a confession from them both.

"Go ahead," he whispered to Herbert; "I'm no good at that sort of thing."

So Mr. Herbert started in to persuade his invalid confederate to part with his valueless stock for McAllister's money. He waxed eloquent over the glories of the Continent and the miraculous cures effected at Baden-Baden, as well as upon the uncertainties of this life, and mining stock in particular.

Meanwhile the sick man tossed in agony upon his pallet and cursed the inconsiderate strangers who forced their selfish interests upon him at such a moment. Outside the door the nurse coughed impatiently. At last, after an unusually persistent harangue on the part of Herbert, the invalid, inveighing against the sciatica that had placed him thus at their mercy, and more to get rid of them than anything else, reluctantly yielded. Fumbling among the bed-clothes, he produced a soiled certificate, which he smoothed out and regarded sadly.

"'Ere, tyke it," he muttered. "Tyke it! Gimme yer money, an' go aw'y!"

As yet he had not recognized McAllister, who had remained partially concealed behind his companion.

"Now's your chance!" whispered the latter. "Take it while you can get it. Where's the money?"

McAllister drew out the bills, which crackled deliciously in his hands, and stepped square in front of the sick engineer, between him and Herbert.

"Mr. Murphy"—he spoke the words slowly and distinctly—"I'm the person who's buying your stock. This gentleman has merely interested me in the proposition." Then, fixing his eyes directly on those of Wilkins, he held out the bills. A look of terror came over the face of the valet, and he half-raised himself from the pillow as he stared horrified at his former master. Then he sank back, and turned away his head.

"Now answer me a few questions," continued McAllister. "Are you the bona-fide owner of this stock?"

Wilkins choked.

"S' 'elp me! Got it fer services," he gasped.

"And it's worth what you ask—five thousand dollars?"

Wilkins glanced helplessly at Herbert, who was examining a bottle of iodine on the mantelpiece. Then he rolled convulsively upon his side.

"Oh, my leg!" he groaned, thrashing around until his head came within a few inches of McAllister's face. "*It's rotten,*" he whispered under his breath. "*Don't touch it!*

(*Continued on Page 16*)

Spreading the Gospel of Good Roads

By D. Ward King

How the Apostle of the Split-Log Drag is Revolutionizing the Road-Mending of America

THERE is something startling in the statement that a drag made of a split log and costing only the price of a pocket-knife is the implement that is going to revolutionize the wagon roads of this country and save many millions of dollars to the rural population of the United States—yet I make this statement and put upon it all the emphasis of which I am capable.

"Downright absurd!" do you exclaim? I have had hundreds of farmers greet with jeers a less sweeping statement of the case—and then go home and prove to themselves its absolute correctness. Have you any idea of what it would mean to the people of the United States to change the bad wagon roads of the country into good roads? Such a revolution in transportation would climb so high into figures that the sum total would be absolutely startling and almost beyond comprehension. Not very long after I had made the first complete demonstration of the split-log method of road-making on my farm in Missouri, Col. G. W. Waters, Secretary of the Missouri Good Roads Association, said to me:

"If the road commissioners of the State of Missouri could stand here and see what I see, the result would be worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to this Commonwealth!"

It is impossible to express in figures even the most general estimate of the value of such a revolution in road-making as must result from the general use of this new and "absurdly simple" method. However, it is well to keep in mind the fact that in almost all States the mileage of common dirt roads is many times double that of macadamized or other expensive roads intended to be permanent.

In a State so long settled, so progressive and prosperous as Ohio, for example, more than fifty per cent. of the roads are of earth, and the interest shown by Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York and other Eastern States in the work of the split-log drag indicates that the dirt roads of these Commonwealths still constitute a very important and perplexing element in the problem of transportation by team. Fully ninety-nine per cent. of the highways of Missouri and Iowa are earth roads, and a State official of Iowa once said to me that to have fifteen per cent. of the main traveled roads of his State macadamized would be to realize the most ambitious dreams of those men of the State especially interested in improving the condition of its highways.

So much by way of suggesting the size of the problem which the split-log drag has come to solve. What has already been accomplished, so far as the spread of the movement is concerned, may be put in few words: It has been backed and pushed by the Missouri Board of Agriculture; one railroad, the Northwestern, has sent out a "Good Roads Special" for the purpose of evangelizing the farmers of its territory; other roads are eager to install the same kind of a broad-gauge, public-spirited campaign; thousands of miles of wagon roads have been permanently reclaimed from bad to good, and hundreds of meetings have been held in the nine States in which this gospel has been disseminated by means of practical demonstration. At these meetings thousands of persons have pledged themselves to make and to use a split-log drag; hundreds of newspapers have taken up this movement, giving it generous space and a square deal; hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars have been raised and offered in prizes for the best miles or half-miles of drag roads, and most important of all, perhaps, the public sentiment of scores of communities has been stirred to self-respecting hopefulness and energy by this new gospel of "good roads without money."

Before and After

Eight years ago I was devoting almost my entire time to my farm, three miles north from the little town of Maitland, Missouri. My interests demanded frequent travel over the road between my farmhouse and the village, and I always felt a keen resentment when bad roads made it difficult or impossible to drive to town—a state of things that was altogether too frequent.

A little investigation and experience demonstrated to me that this was by no means the result of indifference or inactivity on the part of our road commissioners. Then I reached the conviction that it was the fate of the farmer to spend $1500 to $3000 a mile for macadamized road or else travel in the mud in all periods of continued wet weather—which is to say a very large proportion of the year. This conviction is almost universal among farmers who have really wrestled with the road problem and know from experience its difficulties.

However, this state of doubt and discouragement did not long continue, and I began to investigate and experiment in an irregular sort of a way. Acting under this persistent impulse to experiment, I one day hitched my team to a drag made of a frost-spoiled wooden pump stock and an old oak post, held parallel to each other by three pieces of fence boards about three feet long. Smooth wire served in place of a chain, and a strip of plank laid between the post and the pump stock gave me a rough platform upon which to stand.

The horses were attached at such a point of the wire as to give the drag a slant of about forty-five degrees in the direction required to force the earth that it would gather from the side of the road up into the centre. We had just had a soaking rain and the earth was in a plastic condition. I had driven this drag but a few rods when I was fully aware that it was serving at least the initial purpose for which it was intended—that of leveling down the wheel rut and pushing the surplus dirt into the centre of the road.

At my neighbor's gate, toward town, I turned around and took the other side of the road back to my home. The result was simply astonishing. More rain fell upon this road, but it "ran off like water from a duck's back." From that time forward, after every rain or wet spell, I dragged the half-mile of the road covered by my original experiment.

At the end of three months the road was better than when it had been dragged for three weeks, and at the end of three years it was immensely improved over its condition at the end of the first year's work. I studied the result of each step in my experiment and finally learned that three elements are required to make a perfect earth road and that the lack of any one of them is fatal to the result. To be perfect an earth road must be at one and the same time oval, hard and smooth. All of these indispensables are acquired by the use of the split-log drag in any soil that I have ever come in contact with—and I have worked in the various kinds of clay soil, in the gumbo of the swampy lowlands and in the black mud of the prairies.

Observation of my experiment taught me that two weeks of rain would not put this bit of road in bad condition at a time when the highway at either end of it was impassable for a wagon. Of course, it was plain that the reason the road was not bad was that there was no mud in it. But why mud would not collect in it was not clear to me until I was taught my lesson by the very humble means of the hog wallow. One day I chanced to notice that water was standing in one of these wallows long after the ground all about it had become dry. Probably I had many times before observed this fact, but not until now had it occurred to me to inquire into its cause. Examining the edges of the wallow, I was impressed with the fact that it was almost as hard as a piece of earthenware. Clearly this was because the wallowing of the hogs had mixed or "puddled" the earth and the water together, forming a kind of cement which dried into a hard and practically waterproof surface.

The next important lesson in my understanding of the real elements of road-making was taught me by studying what we farmers call "a spouty spot" in the side of a clay hill. All who live in a clay country know the unspeakable stickiness of one of these spouty places, and are familiar with the fact that, after ten days or two weeks of bright, hot sunshine, you can take an axe and break from one of these spots a clod so hard that with it you can almost drive a ten-penny nail into a pine plank. Naturally, it occurred to me that, if this puddled clay soil would stay hard for three months when left in a rough condition, it would surely stay longer if moulded into the form of a smooth roof, so that the water which fell upon it would easily run off.

This original half-mile of road was dragged steadily for four years before I had a single active recruit in my new crusade. At first my neighbors poked good-natured fun at me, probably because the thing was so new and so absurdly simple—and, perhaps, also, because I did the work without pay or any expectation of it. Road-making in the country, it may be well to explain, is not generally followed as a fashionable philanthropy or a popular diversion.

Gradually, however, this little stretch of dragged road began to force itself upon the attention of the community. From one source and another I began to hear of the observations which it provoked—and some of them were quite as amusing as they were agreeable. One day a physician of a neighboring town told me this story:

"I was driving down your way the other night to see a patient. As usual, when I have anything on my mind, my eyes were fixed on the dashboard of the buggy, and I was deep in study over an especially perplexing case. You know how rough all the roads have been, lately—to ride over them is simply to be jolted from one side of the buggy to the other unless you let your horse go at a walk, which a physician cannot always do. Well, I was rattling and thrashing along over the clods at a trot, when suddenly I straightened up, aroused by the impression that something had gone wrong with the running-gear of the buggy. But the trouble was with the road! I had simply struck your little stretch of dragged road, and the buggy skimmed over it as smoothly as a sleigh runs over packed snow."

That incident was decidedly agreeable to me, but not more so than the one that came to my ears a little

Rear View of Split-Log Drag

Front View of Split-Log Drag

earlier when I chanced to hear the experience of Mr. H. W. Montgomery, a banker of Skidmore, a town four miles north of my place. With his wife he was one night driving down to a little gathering at Maitland. The night was decidedly dark and it was impossible for him to see more than the general outline of the road over which he was driving. Suddenly the lurching of the buggy ceased and the banker startled his wife with the abruptness of his exclamation: "What's happened to this road? There has been something doing here! I'm coming back in the daytime to see what has been going on." He had struck the half-mile of dragged road, and, being a highway commissioner and interested in the public roads, he had at once sensed the change.

Of those early recognitions none gave me greater pleasure than to receive a letter from Congressman David A. De Armond saying: "I can determine almost to an inch where the drag began." And later in the note he referred to a certain strip of road which had "experienced the magic influence of the drag."

If there is a means of studying human nature more interesting than that of trying to teach a community a new method of road-making, I have yet to find it. As I have said, for four years I dragged a strip of road from my front gate to that of my neighbor. He had always been a good neighbor, having the best interests of the community at heart, but he was not easily enticed out of settled opinions or into new ways of doing things, and, consequently, I refrained from saying anything to him on the subject of road-making, relying entirely upon the evidence presented to his own senses to awaken his interest in putting the road between his house and the next neighbor on the way toward town in the same condition as the road between his house and mine.

Finally, however, he made himself a drag, and started to push forward the good work. From others I knew that he had been a doubter at the outset, but within two weeks he was a dragged-road enthusiast and came to me in a state of considerable excitement, not to say indignation, because the neighbor next beyond him was not willing at once to take up the work and begin the dragging of the road on toward the village. When my neighbor voiced his impatience and intimated that something ought to be done to push the thing right straight through without delay, I simply shook my head and asked the question:

"Do you know how long I have been dragging the road up to your gate?"

"Why, I guess it must be about four years," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "and all that time I haven't said a word to you urging you to take up the work. Now the same thing that convinced you will convince the neighbor beyond you. We'll just let him take his time to come to the conclusion that he can't afford to travel over a bad road to town when a few minutes' work will give him a good one over which to ride." Later experience showed me that this matter of road-dragging is contagious and catches best where the work itself is left to spread the conviction of its own soundness. As one neighbor after another fell into line, and the stretch of dragged road continued to lengthen, the public comment about it increased until the road authorities from neighboring townships and counties began to investigate the matter, with the result that local farmers' institutes asked me to speak at their sessions and give a personal demonstration of the workings of the split-log drag.

There are a few bugaboos that have to be met wherever this new gospel is introduced. One of these is capillary attraction. This force is declared by "scientific experts" to be the thing that will draw the water up into the dragged road and make it soft. The only answer to this is, simply, that *it doesn't*.

Another popular bugaboo, is the calamity that will surely swallow up the dragged road "when the bottom falls out in the spring." Again, the answer is that the bottom does not fall out of the road that has been dragged with a split-log, because the dragged road, unlike the other kind, does not put down a lot of *mud into cold storage* with the coming of the first deep freeze. The thing that plays hob with roads is *mud*—and mud is earth and water mixed. I never realized how it is that wagon-wheels can cut down so deep into an ordinary road until I had a certain experience with a lightning-rod man. I drew the contract myself and, knowing that the rod should be grounded in soil that would always be in a moist condition, I specified that the rod must be sunk at least eight feet into the ground.

When the workmen came to put up the rod the foreman asked for "a bucket of water, a dipper and a spade." I could see where there would be plenty of exercise for the spade, but the other things puzzled me. With the spade the man took out just enough earth to get down under the crust. Then he took hold of a length of rod and jammed the end down in the centre of the hole he had made with his spade. It didn't sink more than three or four inches. I was just about concluding that the man was an ignoramus for trying to sink the rod that way, when he took it out and poured a dipperful of water into the little hole.

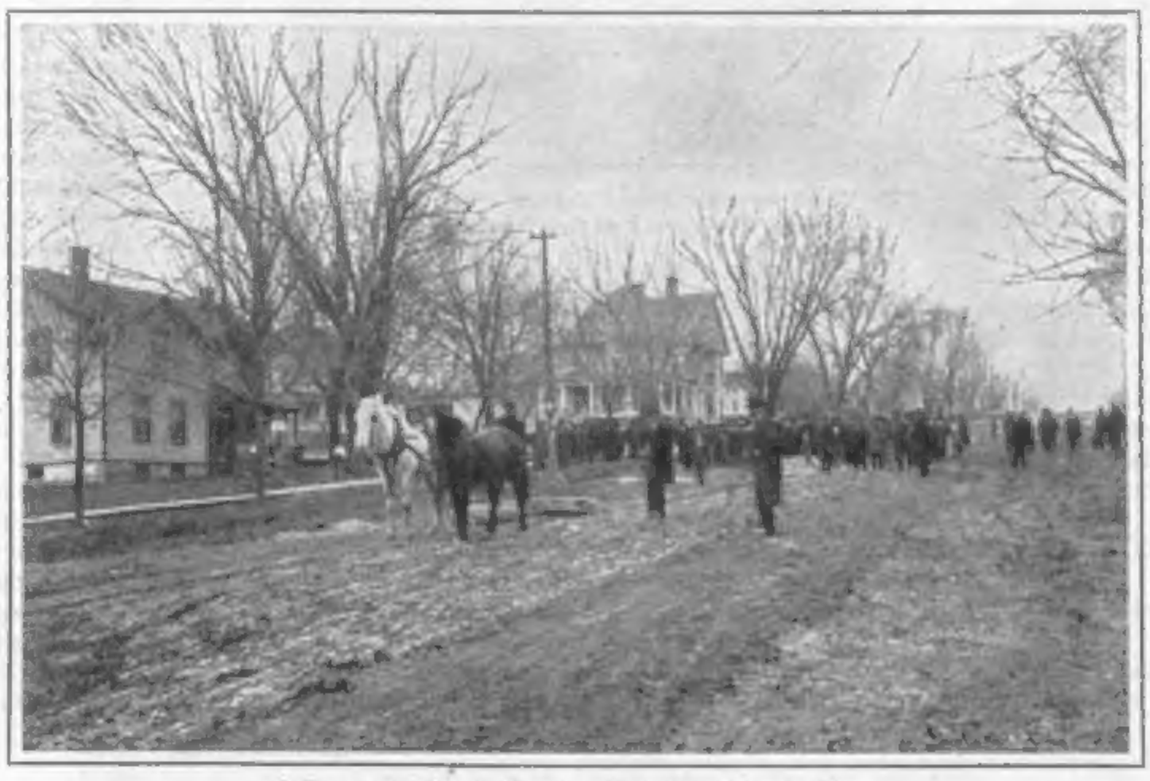
Again he inserted the end of the rod and began to chug it down. The way it sank through the moistened soil made my eyes open. A little more water and a little more chugging, and in a few minutes he had put that rod down eight feet into the earth without removing more than half a shovelful of dirt. Then it came to me—that's digging by mixing a little water with dirt, and it's precisely what a wagon-wheel does to a muddy road—a road where the water can stand until something comes along to mix it with the earth; while, on the other hand, the dragged road uses a coat of mud—to all practical purposes a cement—to make an oval roof that will not let the water stand.

At one of our meetings in Nebraska a road commissioner came to me very much troubled about a stretch of gumbo highway under his supervision. "I suppose," said he, "that, if you had this road to take care of, as soon as you saw a hollow place in it you would go and get dirt and fill it in?"

"No," I replied, "I would fill it in before there was any hollow place there."

Apparently this statement was a little beyond his grasp, and so I tried to think of some illustration by which I could make it entirely clear to him. Just at that moment I happened to notice that he had a head of thick, wavy hair. This gave me the inspiration I needed, and I said:

"How often do you comb your hair?"



A Demonstration in Front of Secretary Shaw's House

"Why, three times a day, of course," he answered, flushing slightly.

Then I came back at him with the question:

"Why don't you wait until there are tangles, or at least *indications* of tangles, in it before you begin to drag it with a comb? That's precisely the plan upon which traditional road-making is conducted. You have been in the habit of waiting until the tangles were there, and, consequently, you had to use a much heavier implement, with the result that you moved a great deal more—earth!"

Everywhere the rallying-cry of this movement is: "*From your own front gate to your neighbor's front gate toward town.*" Thus, the thing always starts with the farmer's own self-interest, but leads him directly beyond his own line-fence to the place where he finds himself working for the general good of the community. There are three considerations that are especially powerful in getting men interested in this movement: Keeping the roads in condition so that school and church privileges may be enjoyed; keeping the boys in touch with a certain amount of social life so that they will not wish to leave the farm, and keeping the roads passable for work and heavy hauling so that good markets may be taken advantage of, and work done at a time when it will count most and be accomplished at a minimum of time, toil and expense.

From the outset of this work, so many questions have poured in upon me indicating points concerning which the public is prone to go astray in its understanding of how to build and use the split-log drag that I have prepared the following road-dragging "catechism" as covering, with fair completeness, the main working facts in the problem:

Would it not be better to plow the road before dragging?

No. Plowing gives a soft foundation. Plowing the middle of the road is a relic of the old dump-scraper days.

What do you do when there are deep ruts in the road?

Drag them. If you drag when the surface is quite loose and soft, you will be surprised how soon the ruts disappear.

How do you get the dirt to the middle of the road?

By hauling the drag slantwise with the end that is toward the centre of the road a little to the rear of the other end.

But suppose the road is too narrow?

First drag the wheel tracks. After three or four rains or wet spells, plow a shallow furrow just outside the dragged part. Spread this over the road with a drag. Only plow one furrow. You may plow another furrow after the next rain. At each plowing you widen the roadbed two feet.

How many horses do you use?

Two, generally; three if it is just as handy; four when breaking colts—a good solid team in the centre and a colt on each side; two men on the drag—one to drive, the other to control the colts.

How do you drain the road?

If the earth is pushed in the middle of the road continually, the road will drain itself.

Why not make the drag out of plank?

You can, and do good work. But the split log is best. The plank drag is not so stiff.

Why not make the drag of heavy sawed timber?

Because drags so made have a tendency to slip over the bumps.

Don't you grade up the road first?

No. The grading is done with the drag, gradually. By so doing, the road is solid all the time and is built on a solid foundation.

What does it cost to drag a mile of road a year?

The cost is variously estimated at from one to three dollars.

How do you keep the drag from dodging around sidewise?

By not loading it too heavily. If a drag dodges around the earth you are moving, it is because it is overloaded.

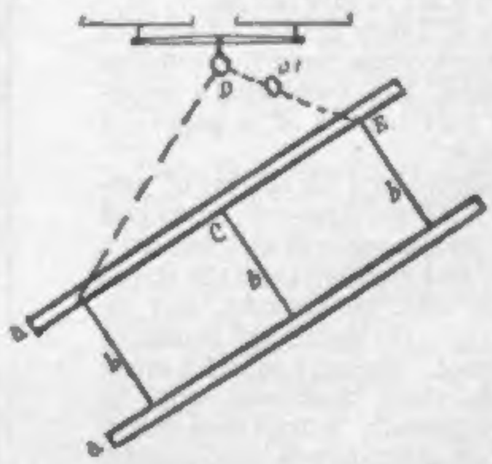
Will the dragged road stand heavy hauling?

Yes and no. A dragged road will stand more heavy hauling than an undragged road, but not so much as a macadamized or well-kept gravel road.

Will a drag help a sand road?

A sand road is a very different proposition from the black soil, clay or gumbo. An entirely different method must be adopted. Three things may be done to a sand road to make it better: First, keep it wet; second, haul clay on to it; third, sprinkle it with crude oil, as they do in California and in some parts of Southern Kansas and Texas. The drag will be beneficial in keeping the sand road perfectly flat so that it will absorb moisture and retain it a long time.

To this catechism I would add the following "Don'ts": Don't drive too fast. Don't walk; get on the drag and ride. Don't be particular about material; almost any log will do. Don't try to drag with only one piece; use two. Following is a diagram of the drag with an explanation:



In this diagram *a*, *a*, are the two halves of a split log nine feet long, ten to twelve inches thick, set on edge, thirty inches apart, both flat sides to the front; *b*, *b*, strong oak or hedge bars, the ends of which are wedged in two-inch auger-holes bored through the slabs; dotted line, chains or strong wire. *D*, *D1*, are rings to connect double-tree clevis. Hitch at *D* and stand at *C*, on a plank laid on the cross-bars, for ordinary work; or hitch at *D1* and stand at *E* for ditch-cleaning or to make the drag throw more dirt to the left. To move dirt to the right reverse position of driver and hitch. If working a clay or gumbo road, put iron, old wagon-tire, or something of the sort, on lower edge of drag at end of six months; for softer soil at the end of twelve months.

The Memoirs of an American

By Robert Herrick

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Robert Herrick. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER XXIX (Concluded)

WILL turned to see who had spoken, and recognized me. "You ought to know better than that," I replied. "Some of it was rotten, but not the Meat Products' goods! We lost on our contract, too, what's more."

Will was startled, but he steadied himself soon and said again:

"That's the same thing. You are all the same crowd."

"No; that wasn't so," I remonstrated, "and you ought to know it."

The men in the room had stopped their talking and were craning their heads to look at us. Will and I eyed each other for a time; then I turned to the crowd and made the first and last real public speech of my life.

"That's all a d——d lie about the beef *we* sold the Government. I know it because I inspected it myself. And I gave my own money, too, to support men at the front, and that is more than any of you fellows ever did. And the rest of that talk these gentlemen have been giving you is just about as wrong, too. Let me tell you one thing: if you folks were honest, if you didn't send rascals to Springfield and to Congress, if you weren't ready to take a dollar and club a man if he didn't hand it over, there wouldn't be this bribery business. I know it, because I've got the club over and over. And one thing more: it's no more use—you and I kicking about the men who put their money into trusts—than it would be to try to swallow all the water in the lake. That's the way business has got to be done nowadays, and if it weren't done you folks would starve, and your wives and children would starve! ——"

"Who are you?" some began to shout, interrupting me.

"I am E. V. Harrington!" I called back.

Then they hooted: "Put him out! Hello, Senator!"

I turned toward Will and called to him:

"Come on. I want to have a word with you, Will."

He followed me downstairs into a saloon. Some of the loafers who had heard our talk upstairs crowded up to the bar, and I set up the drinks all around several times. Will didn't take his whisky. Then the bartender let us into a little room at the end of the bar, where we could be by ourselves.

"Will!" I exclaimed, "whatever has happened to you?"

It wrung my heart to see what a wreck he was. He had let his beard grow to cover up his wasted face. His eyes were sunk and bloodshot. The old waterproof covered a thin flannel coat.

"I'm all right," he replied gloomily. "What do you want of me?"

"I want you to come out and get some dinner with me, first," I said.

But he shook his head, saying he must go home to May.

"It ain't no use, Van," he added in a high voice. "We don't belong together. May and I are of the people—the people you fatten on."

"Quit that rot! I am one of the people, too."

"Oh, you're Senator, I expect, by this time," he sneered. "What did it cost you, Van?"

"I don't want to talk politics."

"That's all I care to talk. I want to get a chance to show you fellows up one of these days. I'm considering a proposition for part control of a paper—a labor weekly."

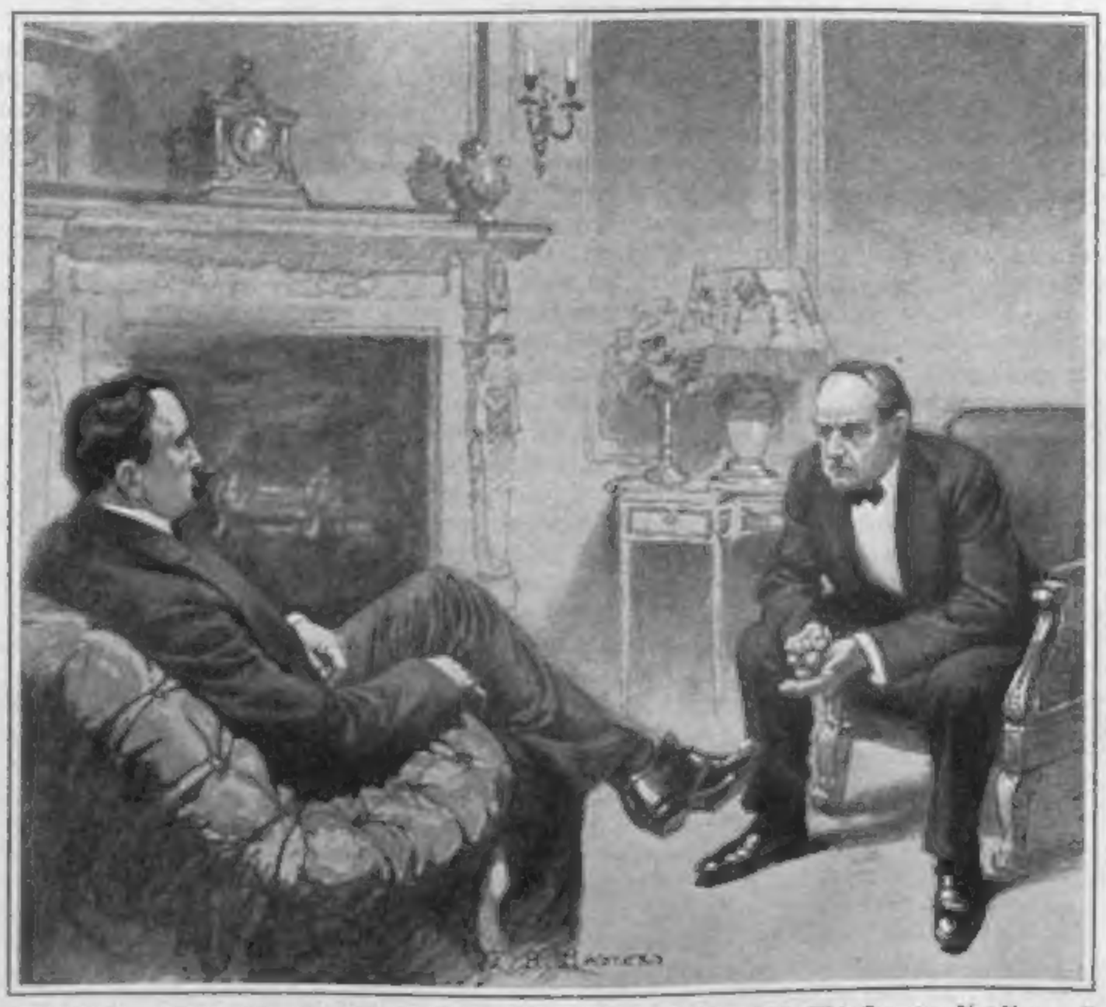
So he talked about his scheme of getting hold of a little three-cent outfit and making it into an organ of kick and criticism. He had seen life from the inside during the war, he thought, and he wanted to give the public the benefit of his experience. He had a snarl for every conceivable thing that was, and he wanted to express it. When I showed him that such an attitude was dead against American feeling he accused me of trying to suppress his enterprise because it was aimed at my friends, the "thieves and robbers." It was hopeless to argue with him, and the more we talked the worse I felt. He was just bitter and wild, and he kept saying: "You taught me what it meant. You showed me what it was to be rich." The war had ruined his health and weakened his mind. He was a plain crank now. The gentle, willing side in him had turned to fury.

"I'll buy this paper for you—I'll start a new one for you to curse me and my friends—if you'll just take May and the children and go down to my farm in the country. There are two thousand acres down there, Will, and you can do as you please. When you've got back your health, then you can start in to baste me as good as you've a mind to."

"Do You Remember How I Used to Wash While You Wiped When We Wanted to Get Out Buggy-Riding?"

But he refused to compromise his "cause." So we parted at the door of the saloon, he buttoning up his old raincoat and striding out for the West Side without a look back to me. And as I hailed a cab to take me to the club I heard in my ears that charge: "You taught me what it meant to be rich, Van!" It made me mad, but it hurt.

Though I knew perfectly well that I was not responsible for his crankiness, yet it was plain that if he could have kept on at business under me he would have been all right, earning a good living for his wife and children, and not taking up with thoughts he hadn't the mind to think out. For Will was not one to step out of the close ranks of men, but he was always a mighty faithful worker wherever he was put. And now he was just a crank.



"You Ought to Know, Van, That That is One Thing That Can't be Bought in This Country, Not Yet ——"

CHAPTER XXX

A NUMBER of men gave me a dinner that evening at the Metropolitan Club. Steele, Lardner, Morrison (of the New York and Chicago Railway Company), Joe Strauss, Jenks, Carmichael and Bates were there, among others—all leaders in the community in various enterprises. Not all these gentlemen had looked with favor on my political aspirations, but, when they saw that I could win this trick as I had others, they sidled up to me. After all, no matter what they might think of me personally, or of my methods, they felt that I belonged to their crowd and would be a safe man to have in the Senate.

Just as we sat down, Slocum, who had been called to the telephone, came up to me, a smile on his wrinkled face, and said, raising his right hand:

"Gentlemen, the legislature at Springfield has elected Mr. Harrington to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Parkinson. Gentlemen, three cheers for Senator Harrington!"

As the men raised their champagne glasses to drink to me, Slocum shook me warmly by the hand, a smile broadening over his face. Although, as I told them, it had never been my part to talk, I said a few words, thanking them for their good will, and promising them that I should do my best to serve the interests of the country we loved. My old friend, Orlando Bates, the president of the Tenth National, replied expressing the confidence my associates had in me. In the course of his graceful speech he said: "Mr. Harrington is so closely identified with the conservative interests of the country that we can feel assured he will stand as a bulwark against the populistic clamor so rife in the nation at the present time." And young Harvey Sturm, also a bank president, who followed him with a glowing speech, made flattering references to the work I had done "in upbuilding our glorious Commonwealth." After deprecating the growth of socialistic sentiments and condemning the unrestricted criticism of the press in regard to capital, he closed with a special tribute: "Such men as Edward Harrington are the brains and the will of the nation. On their strong shoulders rests the progress of America. Were it not for their God-given energy, their will, their genius for organization, our broad prairies, our great forests, our vast mines would cease to give forth their wealth!"

There was more of the same sort of talk before we broke up. Afterward, as the theatres and opera closed, men dropped in to hear the news and many of them came up to congratulate me. Among others old Dround wandered into the club in the course of the evening, and, some one having told him that I had been elected, he came up to the corner where I was standing with a group of men, and hovered around for a time, trying to get a word with me. After a while I stepped out and shook hands with him.

"I am very glad to hear this, Mr. Harrington," he said slowly, pressing my hand in his trembling fist. "It is right that our best men should take an interest in the government of their country."

His eyes had a wandering expression, as if he were trying in vain to remember something out of the past, and he continued to deliver his little speech, drawing me to one side out of hearing of the men who were standing there. "I thought once to enter public life myself," he said. "But heavy business responsibilities demanded all my attention. I wonder," he lowered his voice confidentially, "if you will not find it possible to further the claims of my old friend Paxton's son? He desires to secure a diplomatic post. I have urged his merits on the President, and secured assurance of his good will; but nothing has yet been done. I cannot understand it!"

Eri Paxton was a dissipated, no-account sort of fellow, but I assured Henry I. Dround that I would do my best for him. That was the least that the past demanded of me!

So it went on until past midnight, and the club began to empty, leaving a few friends about me. When they went I took Slocum up to my room for a last cigar before bed. We had some private matters to settle concerning the election.

"You pulled out all right, Van," he said when we were alone. "But there wasn't much margin."

"I trusted Carmichael—I knew John wouldn't go back on me."

We sat and smoked a while. Now that I had picked the plum, it seemed to me that Slocum really ought to have it. With that feeling I burst out at last:

"I've been thinking of one thing all along, Slo—and that is: What can I do for you? Name what you want, man, and if it's in my power to get it, it shall be yours. Without you I'd never have been here, and that's plain."

"I never cared much for politics," he replied thoughtfully. "I guess there isn't anything I want, which is more than most of your friends can say."

"Something in the diplomatic service?" I suggested.

He shook his head.

"How about a Federal judgeship—you can afford to go out of practice."

"Yes, I can afford to go on the bench!" he replied dryly "But it's no use to talk of it."

"What do you mean?"

"You ought to know, Van, that that is one thing that can't be bought in this country, not yet. I could no more get an appointment on the Federal bench than you could!"

"You mean on account of that old story? That's outlawed years ago."

"You think so? The public forgets, but lawyers remember, and so do politicians. The President may make rotten appointments anywhere else, but if he should put me on the circuit court there would be such a howl go up all over that he would have to withdraw the nomination. And he knows too much to try any such proposition."

It was no use to argue the question, for the lawyer had evidently been over the whole matter and knew the facts.

"It isn't that bribery matter, Van, alone; I have been hand and glove with you fellows too long to be above suspicion. My record is against me all through. It isn't worth talking about. But I have had my pay; I am a rich man, richer than I ever expected to be when I put foot in Chicago. I have no right to complain."

But I felt that that wasn't enough, in spite of all he said—somehow the money did not make it square for him. As the night passed he warmed up more than I had ever known him to in all the years we had worked together, and he let me see some way inside him. I remember he said something like this:

"There were three things I promised myself I would do with my life. That was back in my senior year at Bowdoin College. I was a poor boy—had borrowed from a relative a few hundred dollars to go through college with, and felt the burden of that debt pretty hard. Well, of those three purposes one was for myself. First, I promised myself I would pay back my uncle's loan. That was a simple matter of decency. He was not a rich man, and his children felt rather sore at his letting me have those six hundred dollars to spend on a college education. I managed to do that out of what I earned as a law clerk the first years we were together at Ma Pierson's. The next thing I had promised myself was to get back our old brick house in the aristocratic part of Portland—the house my father had been obliged to part with after the panic of '76. I meant to put my mother and sisters back there. The only sister I have living is there now with her children. My mother died in her old home, and that has always been a comfort to me. . . . You may think it was my desire to do this that made me stick with you when we had that difference about the Chicago and London bonds, but you are mistaken. I went with you, Van, because I wanted to—just that. I saw then what it meant, and I am not kicking now.

"Well, the third aim I set myself when I was speculating, as college boys do about such things, was the hardest of all. The others, with reasonable success, I could hope to accomplish. And I did fulfill them sooner than I had any reason to hope I should. The third was a harder matter, and that was the ambition to sit some day on the Supreme Bench. There were two members of our family who had been distinguished judges, one of the Supreme Court of Maine, and another of the Federal Supreme Court, back in the early forties. I had always heard these two men referred to with the greatest respect in our family, especially my great-uncle, Judge Lambert Cushing. Although by the time I came to college our family had reached a pretty low ebb, it was natural that I should secretly cherish the ambition to rise to the high-water mark.

"And," he concluded, "after thirty years of contact with the world, I haven't seen much that is more worthy of a man's ambition in our country than a seat on our Supreme Bench. I have no reason to be ashamed of my three aims in life. Two of them I made—the third I might never have come near to, anyway; but I chucked away my chance a good many years ago. However, I have done pretty well by myself as it is. So you see there is nothing, Van, that you can give me that I should want to take."

He reached for another cigar, and stretched his long legs. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me from the bottom of his heart, and now that he had revealed the truth about himself there was nothing to be said. He was not just the ordinary corporation lawyer, who sells his learning and his shrewdness for a fat fee. I had run up against that kind often enough. They are an indispensable article to the modern man of affairs; for the strategy of our warfare is directed by them.

But Jaffrey Slocum was much more than such a trained prostitute: he was a man of learning and a lover of the law for its own sake. I suspect that if he had ever sat on the bench he would have been a tough nut for the corporations

"It Was Good Sausage, Slo! At Least it Was When We Made It"

"There's no better proverb, my friend, than the old one about the way you make your bed," Slocum summed up, rising to go. "It don't trouble you, perhaps, because you are made different. You are made to fit the world as it is to-day."

With that he bade me good-by and went away. But I sat on by myself for some time after, thinking, thinking of it all. Very likely if Slocum could have had his desire, and gone on the Supreme Bench, he would not have found it all he had painted it as a boy. But whether it was foolish or not for him to set such store by that prize, it was beyond his reach, and the man who had done most to put him out of the race was I. I had needed him, and I had taken him—that was all there was to that. He had sold himself to me, not just for money but for friendship, and admiration, and what men of his kind sell themselves for. For in all the world there was not enough money to pay him for selling himself—he had as much as said so to-night. Now, when I wanted to give him some big gift in recognition of his years of devotion, there was nothing in my hands that was worth his taking.

Thinking of this, I forgot for the time that I was Senator from the State of Illinois.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE cab drew up before a one-story frame house that stood back in the lot, squeezed between two high brick buildings. This was the number on Ann Street, the West Side, that Will had given me when I had pressed him for his address. The factories had pretty well surrounded this section of the city, leaving here and there some such rickety shanty as this one. There were several children playing in the strip of front yard, and as I opened the gate one of them called out: "Hello, Uncle Van!"

It was Will's second son, little Van. He said his mother was at home, and, taking my hand, he showed me around the cottage to the back door. The boy pounded on the door, and May came to see what was the matter.

"Is that you, Van?" she remarked, as if she expected me. "Will said he saw you the other day."

She did not invite me in, but the little boy held open the door and I walked into the kitchen. The breakfast things were piled up in the sink unwashed. A boiler of clothes was on the fire, and May had her sleeves rolled up, ready to begin the wash. Her arms were as thin as pipestems, and behind her glasses I saw deep circles of blue flesh. She had grown older and thinner in the three years since she and Will left my house.

"Will's gone to the city," May remarked.

"He don't look strong, May. It made me feel bad to see him so—changed, not a bit like himself."

She seemed to bridle a little at this.

"He hasn't been real well since he had the fever at Montauk. He was reinfected at the hospital, and nearly died. When he got out he tried farming down in Texas, but his strength didn't come back as we expected, and the climate was too hot for him. So we came North to see if he could get some easier work."

"How are the children?" I asked, seeing a strange baby face peep around the corner of the clothes-basket.

"We lost the baby boy while Will was at Montauk. Another little girl has come since then. We call her Sarah."

She waited a moment, and then asked hesitatingly:

"How's your Sarah? She didn't look well when I saw her last."

"No—she's been delicate some time—since our second boy died last summer. She's gone to Europe with the girls."

Then we were silent: there was not much more we could say without touching the quick. But at last I burst out:

"May, why wouldn't you take that money Sarah sent you while Will was away at the war?"

"We could manage without it. It was kind of you, though. You have always been kind, Van!"

"You might have known it would make us happy to have you take it. It was only what I owed to the country, too, seeing that I was so placed I couldn't go to Cuba. I wanted then to leave everything and enlist. But it wouldn't have been fair to others. I sent some men in my place, though."

Perhaps it sounded a little like apologizing. May listened with a smile on her lips that heated me.

"You are just like that preacher!" I exclaimed. "You can see no good in folks unless it's your kind of good. Don't you believe I have got some real patriotism in me?"

"It's hard to think of Van Harrington, the new Senator, as a patriot," she laughed back. "Those men you sent to the front must have come in handy for the election!"

I turned red at her little fling about the Senatorship: my managers *had* worked that company I equipped for all it was worth.

"I guess there are a good many worse citizens than I am. I wanted to fight for those fellows down in Cuba. And you wouldn't let me do the little I could—help Will to take my place."

"After all that happened, Van, we couldn't take it."

"And I suppose you don't want to touch anything from me now! See here, May, I came over this morning to do something for you and Will. Did he tell you about my wanting him to go down to my place in the country until he got well and strong?"

"He's much interested in this paper, and thinks he can't get away," she said evasively.

"Darn his paper! You don't believe Will was cut out to be a thinker? Anyhow, he ought to get his health back first, and give you an easier time, too."

"I am all right. Will is very much in earnest about his ideas. You can't get him to think about himself"

"Well, I don't mind his trying to reform the earth. If later he wants a paper to whack the rich with, I'll buy him one. Come, that's fair, isn't it?"

May laughed at my offer, but made no reply

"If you folks are so obstinate, if I can't get you to go down to my place, I'll have to turn it into a school or something. A fellow I was talking with on the train the other day gave me an idea of making it into a sort of *reform school for girls*. What would you think of that? Sarah is taken with the idea—she never liked the place and won't want to go back now that the baby died there."

"That's a good plan—turning philanthropist, Van? That's the right way to get popular approval, Senator."

She mocked me, but her laugh rang out good-naturedly.

"Popular approval never worried me much. But, May, I want *your* good will, and I mean to get it, too."

For the more obstinate she was the more she made me want to win my point, to bring her and Will back to me. She understood this, and a flash of her old will and malice came into her thin face. She got up to stir the clothes on the fire, and when the water began to run over I stripped off my coat and put my hand to the job. Then I stepped over to the sink.

"Do you remember how I used to wash while you wiped when we wanted to get out buggy-riding, May?"

"Yes, and you were an awful shiftless worker, Senator," May retorted, fetching a dish-towel from the rack and beginning to wash, while I wiped. "And you had the same smooth way with you, though in those days you hadn't ten cents to your name. And now, how much is it?"

"Oh, say a quarter!"

"Then it must have cost you a sight of money to become Senator."

"It did some, but I kept back a little."

When we had finished the dishes we began on the clothes. A child's dress caught on the wringer and tore It was marked in a fine embroidery with the initials, J. S. H., for Jaffrey Slocum Harrington—as we had thought to call the little chap. May saw my eye on the initials

"Sarah sent it to me along with a lot of baby things when my Jack came. Perhaps she might like to have them back now."

"She and the girls come home next week. Won't you come and see her? She'd care more for that than for anything"

"You were always awfully persistent in getting your own way, Van!"

"But I didn't always get it, I remember."

"It might have been just as well if you hadn't had it so much of the time since."

"Well, maybe ——"

"There are a few other people in the world besides Van Harrington, and they have their rights, too."

"That's true, if they can get 'em."

"Maybe their consciences are a little stronger to hold them back from grabbing things. You never held off long when you wanted a thing, Van. You took the peaches, you remember?"

Her lips curled in a way that used to set me mad for her.

"I didn't eat a peach," I protested. "I gave them to your brothers, and Budd Haines."

"Yes, *you* gave them!"

"I don't believe you think me half as bad as you make me out!" I said, stopping the wringer and looking into her eyes.

"You don't know how bad I make you out," she challenged my look

It was not hard to see why I had been crazy to marry her in the old days. There was a fire in her which no other woman I ever saw possessed. Jane was large-minded, keen as an eagle, and like steel. But there was a kind of will in this worn woman, a hanging to herself, which gave her a character all her own. Nevertheless, we two couldn't have traveled far hitched together. She would have tried her best to run me, and life would have been hell for us both.

"Well," I protested in my own defense, "there's no man and no woman living has the right to say he's the worse off on my account. I have treated the world fairly where it has treated me fairly."

"So that's your boast, Van Harrington! It's pretty hard when a man has to say a thing like that to defend his life. You don't know how many men you have ruined like that poor Hostetter. But it's worse than that. The very sight of men like you is the worst evil in our country You are successful, prosperous, and you have ridden over the laws that didn't please you. You have hired your lawyers to find a way for you to do what you please. You think you are above the law—just the common laws for ordinary folks! You buy men as you buy wheat. And because you don't happen to have robbed your next-door neighbor you make a boast of it to me. It's pretty mean, Van, don't you think so?"

We had sat down facing each other across the tub of clothes. As she spoke her hot words, I thought of others who had accused me in one way or another—Farson, Will, Slocum—most of all, Slocum. But I dismissed this sentimental reflection

"Those are pretty serious charges you are making, May," I replied after a time. "And what do you know? What the

(Continued on Page 11)

The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont

By Robert Barr

Adolph Simard

MY TASK in connection with the visit of King Edward to Paris was entirely unofficial. A nobleman, for whom on a previous occasion I had been so happy as to solve a little mystery which troubled him, did me the compliment to call at my flat about two weeks before the King's entry into the French capital I know I shall be pardoned if I fail to mention this nobleman's name. I gathered that the coming visit of the King met with his disapproval He asked if I knew anything, or could discover anything, of the purposes animating the anarchist clubs of Paris, and their attitude toward the royal function which was now the chief topic in the newspapers. I replied that within four days I should be able to submit to him a complete report on the subject. He bowed coldly, and withdrew. On the evening of the fourth day I had the happiness to call upon his lordship at his West End London mansion

"I have the honor to report to your Lordship," I began, "that the anarchists of Paris are somewhat divided in their opinions regarding his Majesty's forthcoming progress through that city. A minority, contemptible in point of number, but important so far as the extremity of their opinions is concerned, has been trying ——"

"Excuse me," interrupted the nobleman with some severity of tone, "but they are going to attempt to injure the King, or not?"

"They are not, your Lordship," I replied, with what I trust is my usual urbanity of manner, despite his curt interpolation. "His most gracious Majesty will not be molested, and their reason for quiescence ——"

"Their reasons do not interest me," put in his lordship gruffly. "You are sure of what you say?"

"Perfectly sure, your Lordship."

"No precautions need be taken?

"None in the least, your Lordship."

The Fate of the Picric Bomb

Copyright 1905, by The Curtis Publishing Company Copyright in Great Britain

"Very well," said the nobleman shortly, "if you tell my secretary in the next room as you go out how much I owe he will hand you a check." With that I was dismissed

I may say that, mixing as I do with the highest in two lands, and meeting invariably such courtesy as I myself am always eager to bestow, a feeling almost of resentment arose at this cavalier treatment. However, I merely bowed somewhat ceremoniously in silence, and availed myself of the opportunity in the next room to double my bill, which was paid without demur.

The King's visit had come as a surprise to the anarchists, and they did not quite know what to do about it. Paris was rather in favor of a demonstration, while London bade them, in God's name, to hold their hand, for, as they pointed out, England is the only refuge in which an anarchist is safe until some particular crime can be imputed to him, and, what is more, proven up to the hilt.

It will be remembered that the visit of the King to Paris passed off without incident, as did the return visit of the President to London. On the surface all was peace and good-will, but under the surface seethed plot and counter-plot, and behind the scenes two great Governments were extremely anxious, and high officials in the Secret Service spent sleepless nights. As no "untoward incident" had happened, the vigilance of the authorities on both sides of the Channel relaxed at the very moment when, if they had known their adversaries, it should have been doubled Always beware of the anarchist when he has been good: look out for the reaction

When it first became known that there was to be a royal procession through the streets of Paris a few fanatical hot-heads, both in that city and in London, wished to take action, but they were overruled by the saner members of the organization. It must not be supposed that anarchists are a band of lunatics. There are able brains among them, and these born leaders as naturally assume control in the underground world of anarchy as would have been the case if they had devoted their talents to affairs in ordinary life. They were men whose minds, at one period, had taken the wrong turning. These people, although they calmed the frenzy of the extremists, nevertheless regarded the possible *rapprochement* between England and France with grave apprehension. If France and England became as friendly as France and Russia, might not the refuge which England had given to anarchy become a thing of the past? I may say here that my own weight as an anarchist, while attending the meetings in disguise under the name of Paul Ducharme, was invariably thrown in to help the cause of moderation. My rôle, of course, was not to talk too much—not to make myself prominent—yet in such a gathering a man cannot remain wholly a spectator. However, care for my own safety led me to be as inconspicuous as possible, for communities banded together against the laws of the land in which they live are extremely suspicious of each other, and an inadvertent word may cause disaster to the person speaking it.

Perhaps it was this conservatism on my part that made my advice sought after by the inner circle: what you might term the governing body of the anarchists—for, strange as it may appear, this organization, sworn to put down all law and order, was itself most rigidly governed Once a Russian Prince was elected as its chairman, a man of striking ability, who, nevertheless, I believe, owed his election more to the fact that he was a nobleman than to recognition of his intrinsic worth. And another point which interested me much was that this Prince governed his obstreperous subjects after the fashion of Russian despotism, rather than according to the liberal ideas of the country in which he was domiciled. I have known him more than once ruthlessly overrule the vote of the majority, stamp his foot, and smite his huge fist on the table, and declare that so and so should not be done, no matter what the vote was. And the thing was not done, either.

At the more recent period of which I speak, the chairmanship of the London anarchists was held by a weak, vacillating man, and the mob had got somewhat out of hand. In the crisis that confronted us I yearned for the firm fist and dominant boot of the uncompromising Russian. I spoke only once during this time, and assured my listeners that they had nothing to fear from the coming friendship of the two nations. I said the Englishman was so wedded to his grotesque ideas regarding the liberty of the subject, he so worshiped absolute legal evidence, that we would never find our comrades disappear mysteriously from England as they had done from France

Although restless during the exchange of courtesies between King and President, I believe I could have carried the English phalanx with me if the international courtesies had ended there. But when it was announced that members of the British Parliament were to meet the members of the French Legislature, the Paris circle became alarmed, and when that conference did not end the *entente*, but merely paved the way for a meeting in Paris of business men belonging to the two countries, the French anarchists sent a delegate over to us, who made a wild speech one night, waving continually the red flag. This aroused all our own malcontents to a frenzy. The French speaker practically charged the English contingent with cowardice; said that they were safe from molestation, and had no sympathy for their comrades in Paris, at any time liable

to summary arrest and the torture of the secret cross-examination

An overwhelming vote in favor of force was carried and accepted by the trembling chairman. My French confrère took back with him to Paris the unanimous consent of the English comrades to whom he had appealed. All that was asked of the English contingent was that it should arrange for the escape and safe-keeping of the assassin who flung the bomb in the midst of the English visitors, and I, to my horror, was chosen to arrange for the safe transport and future custody of the bomb-thrower. It is not etiquette in anarchist circles for any member to decline whatever task is given him by the vote of his comrades. He knows the alternative, which is suicide. If he declines the task, and still remains upon earth, the dilemma is solved for him I therefore accepted the unwelcome office in silence, and received from the treasurer the money necessary for the carrying out of the same

I realized, for the first time since my joining of the anarchist association years before, that I was in genuine danger. A single false step, a single inadvertent word, might close the career of Eugène Valmont, and at the same moment terminate the existence of the quiet, inoffensive Paul Ducharme, teacher of the French language. I knew perfectly well I should be followed The moment I received the money the French delegate asked when they were to expect me in Paris. He wished to know so that all the resources of their organization might be placed at my disposal. I replied calmly enough that I could not state definitely on what day I should leave England. There was plenty of time, as the business men's representatives from London would not reach Paris for another two weeks. I was well known to the majority of the Paris organization, and would present myself before them on the first night of my arrival. The Paris delegate had all the energy of a new recruit, and he seemed dissatisfied with my vagueness, but I went on without noticing his displeasure

I had learned a great lesson during the episode of the Queen's necklace, which resulted in my dismissal by the French Government. I had learned that if you expect pursuit it is always well to leave a clew for the pursuer to follow. Therefore I continued, in a low, conversational tone

"I shall want the whole of to-morrow for myself: I must notify my pupils of my absence. Even if my pupils leave me it will not so much matter. I can probably get others. But what does matter is my secretarial work with Monsieur Valmont, of the Imperial Flats. I am just finishing for him the translation of a volume from French to English, and to-morrow I can complete the work and get his permission to leave for a fortnight. This man, who is a compatriot of my own, has given me employment ever since I came to London. I not only have no desire to offend him, but I wish the secretarial work to continue when I return to London."

"You will then take the night train to-morrow for Paris?" persisted the inquisitive French delegate

"Yes and no. I shall take the night train, and it shall be for Paris, but not from Charing Cross or Victoria. I shall travel on the 8:30 Continental Express from Liverpool Street to Harwich, cross to the Hook of Holland, and from there make my way to Paris through Holland and Belgium. I wish to investigate that route as a possible way for our comrade to escape. After the blow is struck, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe and Havre will be closely watched. I shall perhaps bring him by way of Antwerp or the Hook."

When I left the meeting I went directly to my rooms in Soho, without even taking the trouble to observe whether I was watched or not. There I stayed all night, and in the morning left those rooms as Paul Ducharme, with gray beard and bowed shoulders, walked west to the Imperial Flats, took a lift to the top, and, seeing the corridor was clear, let myself into my own flat. I left the Imperial Flats promptly at six o'clock, also as Paul Ducharme, carrying this time a bundle done up in brown paper under my arm, and went directly to my rooms in Soho. I took a 'bus, still carrying my brown paper parcel, and reached Liverpool Street in ample time for the Continental train. By a little private arrangement with the guard, I secured a compartment to myself, although

I Returned the Stare with Such Composure as I Could Bring to My Aid

up to the moment the train left the station I could not be sure but that I might be compelled to take the trip to the Hook of Holland after all. If any one had insisted on coming into my compartment I should have crossed the North Sea that night. I knew I should be watched from Soho to the station, and that probably the spy would go as far as Harwich, and see me on the boat. It was doubtful if he would cross. I had chosen this route for the reason that we have no organization in Holland the nearest circle is Brussels. If there had been time the Brussels circle would doubtless have been warned to keep an eye on me, but there was not time for a letter, and anarchists never use the telegraph, especially on the Continent, unless in cases of the greatest emergency

The 8:30 Continental Express does not stop between Liverpool Street and Parkstone Quay, which it is timed to reach three minutes before ten. This gave me an hour and a half in which to change my apparel. The garments of the poor old professor I rolled up into a ball one by one and flung out through the open window, far into the marsh past which we were flying in a pitch-dark night. Coat, trousers and waistcoat rested in a swamp at least ten miles apart. Gray whiskers and gray wig I tore into little pieces and dropped the bits out of the open window. I had taken the precaution to secure a compartment in the front of the train, and when it came to rest at Parkstone Quay Station the crowd, eager for the steamer, rushed past me, and I stepped out into the midst of it, a dapper, well-dressed young man, with black beard and mustaches, with my own closely-cropped black hair under a new bowler hat

I strolled in leisurely manner to the Great Eastern Hotel, on the quay, and asked the clerk if a portmanteau addressed to Mr. John Wilkins had arrived that day from London. He said it had, whereupon I secured a room for the night, as the last train had already left for the metropolis.

Next morning Mr. John Wilkins, accompanied by a brand-new and rather expensive portmanteau, took the 9:57 train for Liverpool Street, where he arrived at half-past ten, stepped into a cab, and drove to the Savoy Restaurant, lunching there with the portmanteau deposited in the cloak-room. Then he left the place, not along the rubber-paved court by which he had entered, but went through the hotel and down the stairs, and so out into the thoroughfare facing the Embankment. So he reached the Embankment entrance of the Hotel Cecil

This leads into a long, dark corridor, at the end of which the lift may be rung for. In this dark corridor, which was empty, John Wilkins took off the black beard and mustache, hid it in the inside pocket of his coat, and there went up into the lift a few moments later to the office floor, I, Eugène Valmont, myself for the first time in several days

Even then I did not take a cab to my flat, but passed under the arched Strand front of the Cecil in a cab, bound for the residence of the nobleman who had engaged me to see to the safety of the King

It was to prepare for the future that I was now on the way to my lord's residence. It was not the French anarchists I feared during the contest in which I was about to become engaged, but the Paris police. I knew French officialdom too well not to understand the futility of going to the authorities there and proclaiming my object. If I ventured to approach the chief of police with the information that I, in London, had discovered what it was his business in Paris to know, my reception would be far from cordial, even though, or rather because, I announced myself as Eugène Valmont The exploits of Eugène have become part of the legends of Paris, and these legends were extremely distasteful to the powers that be. My doings have frequently been made the subject of *feuilletons* in the columns of the Paris press, and were, of course, exaggerated by the imagination of the writers; yet nevertheless I admit I did some good strokes of detection during my service for the French Government. It is but natural, then, that the present authorities should listen with some impatience when the name of Eugène Valmont is mentioned

Now, if the French police knew anything of this anarchist plot, which was quite within the bounds of possibility, and if I were in surreptitious dealings with the anarchists, more especially with the man chosen to fling the bomb, there was every chance I should find myself in the grip of French justice. I must, then, provide myself with credentials to show that I was acting, not against the peace and quiet of my country, but on the side of law and order. I therefore wished to get from the nobleman a commission in writing, similar to that command with which he had honored me during the King's visit. This commission I should place in my bank at Paris, to be a voucher for me at the last extremity.

I had no doubt his lordship would empower me to act in this instance as I had acted on two former occasions Perhaps if I had not lunched so well I should have approached his lordship with greater deference than was the case, but I had permitted a bottle of Château du Terte, '78, a most delicious claret, to be decanted carefully for my delectation at the table, and this had caused a genial glow to permeate throughout my system, adding a mental optimism which left me ready to approach the greatest of earth on a plane of absolute equality. Besides after all, I am a citizen of a Republic

The nobleman received me with frigid correctness

"I had the felicity of serving your Lordship upon two occasions ——" I began

"They are well within my recollection," he interrupted; "but I do not remember sending for you the third time"

"I have taken the liberty of coming unrequested, my Lord, because of the importance of the news I carry. I surmise that you are interested in the promotion of friendship between France and England."

"Your surmise, sir, is incorrect. I care not a button about it. My only anxiety was for the safety of the King"

"Sir," said I, dropping the title in my rising anger, "it may alarm you to know that a number of your countrymen run the risk of being blown to eternity by an anarchist bomb in less than two weeks from to-day. A party of business men, true representatives of a class to which the preëminence of the Empire is due, are about to proceed——"

"Pray spare me," said his lordship wearily. "I have read that sort of thing so often in the newspapers. If all these estimable city men are blown up the Empire would doubtless miss them, as you hint, but I should not, and their fate does not concern me in the least, although you did me the credit of believing that it would. Thompson, will

you show this person out? Sir, if I desire your presence here in future I will send for you"

"You may send for the devil!" I cried, enraged, the wine getting the better of me

"You express my meaning more tersely than I cared to do," he replied coldly—and that was the last I ever saw of him

Arriving at my rooms, I looked through the newspapers to learn all I could of the proposed business men's excursion to Paris, and in reading the names of those most prominent in carrying out the necessary arrangements I came across that of W. Raymond White, which caused me to sit back in my chair and wrinkle my brow in an endeavor to stir my memory. Unless I was much mistaken, I had been so happy as to oblige this gentleman some dozen years before. As I remembered him, he was a business man who had large dealings with France, especially in Lyons and that district. His address was given in the newspaper as Old Change, so I at once resolved to see him, and get my credentials from him if possible. His recommendation would in truth be much more valuable than that of the gruff old nobleman to whom I had first applied, because if I got into trouble with the police of Paris I was well enough acquainted with the natural politeness of the authorities to know that a letter from one of the city's guests would doubtless secure my instant release.

I took a hansom to the head of that narrow thoroughfare known as Old Change, and there dismissed my cab. I was so fortunate as to recognize Mr White coming out of his office.

"Mr. White," I accosted him, "I desire both the pleasure and the honor of introducing myself to you."

"Monsieur," replied Mr. White with a smile, "the introduction is not necessary, and the pleasure and honor are mine. Unless I am mistaken, this is Monsieur Valmont, of Paris"

"For a little more than ten years I have been a resident of London"

"What, and have never let me know? That is what diplomatists call an unfriendly act, monsieur. Now, shall we return to my office, or go to a café?"

"To your office, if you please, Mr. White. I come on rather important business."

Entering the private office, Mr. White closed the door, offered me a chair, and sat down himself by his desk

"Well, if you have been ten years in London," said he, "we may now perhaps have the pleasure of claiming you as an Englishman, so I beg you will accompany us on another festive occasion to Paris next week Perhaps you have seen that a number of us are going over there."

"Yes, I have read all about the business men's excursion to Paris, and it is with reference to that that I wish to consult you." And I gave Mr. White in detail the plot of the anarchists against the growing cordiality of the two countries. The merchant listened quietly without interruption until I had finished; then he said

"I suppose it will be useless to inform the police of Paris?"

"Indeed, Mr. White, it is the police of Paris I fear more than the anarchists. They would resent information coming to them from the outside, especially from an ex-official, the inference being that they were not up to their duties. Friction and delay would ensue until the deed was inevitable. It is quite on the cards that the police of Paris may have some inkling of the plot, and in that case just before the event they are reasonably certain to arrest the wrong men. I shall be moving about Paris, not as Eugène Valmont, but as Paul Ducharme, the anarchist, therefore there is some danger that as a stranger and a suspect I may be laid by the heels at the critical moment. If you would be so good as to furnish me with credentials which I can deposit somewhere in Paris in case of need, I may thus be able to convince the authorities that they have taken the wrong man."

Mr. White, entirely unperturbed by the prospect of having a bomb thrown at him within a few days, calmly wrote several documents, then turned his untroubled face to me, and said in a very confidential, winning tone:

"Monsieur Valmont, you have stated the case with that clear comprehensiveness pertaining to a country that understands the meaning of words, and the correct adjustment of them: that felicity of language which has given France the first place in the literature of nations. Consequently, I think I see very clearly the delicacies of the situation. Above all, secrecy is essential to success. Have you spoken of this to any one but me?"

"Only to Lord ——," I replied, "and now I deeply regret having made a confidant of him."

"That does not in the least matter," said Mr. White, with a smile. "Lord ——'s mind is entirely occupied by his own greatness. Am I right in supposing that everything hinges on the man who is to throw the bomb?"

"Quite right, sir. He may be venal, he may be traitorous, he may be a coward, he may be revengeful, he may be a drunkard. Before I am in conversation with him for ten minutes I shall know what his weak spot is. It is upon that spot I must act, and my action must be delayed till the very last moment, for if he disappears too long before the event his first, second or third substitute will instantly step into his place."

"Then I propose," continued Mr. White, "that we take no one into our confidence. In a case like this there is little use in going before a committee. I can see that you do not need any advice, and my own part shall be to remain in the background, content to support the most competent man that could have been chosen to grapple with a very difficult crisis"

Then, Sitting Up, He Began Playing with This Infernal Machine

I bowed profoundly. Never before had I met so charming a man.

"Here," he said, handing me one of the papers he had written, "is a document addressed to whom it may concern, appointing you my agent for the next three weeks, and holding myself responsible for all you see fit to do Here," he continued, passing to me a second sheet, "is a letter of introduction to Monsieur Largent, the manager of my bank in Paris, a man well known and highly respected in all circles, both official and commercial. I suggest that you make yourself known to him, and he will hold himself in readiness to respond to any call you may make, night or day. I assure you that his mere presence before the authorities will at once remove any ordinary difficulty. And now," he went on, taking in hand the third slip of paper, speaking with some hesitation, and choosing his words with care, "I come to a point which cannot be ignored. Money is a magician's wand which, like faith, will move mountains. It may also remove an anarchist hovering about the route of a business men's procession"

He now handed to me what I saw was a draft on Paris for a thousand pounds

"I assure you, monsieur," I protested, covered with confusion, "that no thought of money was in my mind when I took the liberty of presenting myself to you. I have already received more than I could have expected in the generous confidence you have reposed in me, as exhibited by these credentials, and especially the letter to your banker. Thanks to the generosity of your countrymen, Mr. White, of whom you are a most notable example, I am in no need of money."

"Monsieur Valmont, I am delighted to hear that you have got on well among us. This money is for two purposes. First, you will use of it what you need. I know Paris very well, monsieur, and have never found gold an embarrassment there. The second purpose is this:, I suggest that when you present this letter of introduction to Monsieur Largent you will casually place this amount to your account in his bank. He will thus see that besides writing you a letter of introduction I transfer a certain amount of my own balance with him to your credit. That will do you no harm with him, I assure you. And now, Monsieur Valmont, it only remains for me to thank you for the opportunity you have given me."

And then this estimable man shook hands with me in action the most cordial

Next morning I was in Paris, and the next night I attended the underground meeting of the anarchists, held within a quarter of a mile of the Luxembourg. I was known to many there assembled, but my acquaintance, of course, was not so large as with the London circle. I was introduced generally to the assemblage as the emissary from England, who was to assist the bomb-throwing brother to escape, either to that country or to such other point of safety as I might choose. No questions were asked me regarding my doings, nor was I required to divulge the plans for escape. I was responsible: that was enough

The cellar was dimly lighted by one oil lamp depending from the ceiling. From this hung a cord attached to an extinguisher, and one jerk of the cord would put out the light. Then, while the police were engaged in battering down the doors of the main entry, the occupants of the room escaped by one of the three or four human rat-holes provided for the purpose. If any Parisian anarchist does me the honor to read these jottings I beg to inform him that while I was in office under the Government of France there was never a time that I did not know the exit of each of these underground passages, and I could at any time have bagged the whole lot. It was never my purpose, however, to shake confidence in their system, for that merely meant the removal of the conclave to another spot, which would have given us additional trouble to map out. When I did make a raid on anarchist headquarters it was always to get some particular man. I posted my emissaries in plain clothes at each exit. In any case the rats were allowed to escape unmolested, sneaking forth with great caution into the night, but we always spotted the man we wanted, and almost invariably arrested him elsewhere, having followed him from his burrow. My uniformed officers invariably found a dark and empty cellar, and returned apparently baffled. But the coincidence that on the night of every raid some member there present was secretly arrested in another quarter of Paris, and perhaps given a free passage to Russia, never seemed to awaken suspicion in the minds of the anarchists

But to return. After my reception at the anarchists' club of Paris I remained seated unobtrusively on a bench waiting until routine business was finished, and until I should be introduced to the man who was to throw the bomb. Soon I became aware that I was being scrutinized with more than ordinary intensity by some one, which gave me a feeling of uneasiness. At last, in the semi-obscurity opposite me, I saw a pair of eyes as luminous as those of a tiger, peering fixedly at me. I returned the stare with such composure as I could bring to my aid, and the man, as if fascinated by a gaze as steady as his own, leaned forward, and came more and more into the circle of light Then I received a shock which it required my utmost self-control to conceal. The face, haggard and drawn, was none other than that of Adolph Simard, who had been my second assistant in the Secret Service of France during my last year in office. He was a most capable and rising young man at that time, and, of course, he knew me well. Had he, then, penetrated my disguise? Such an event seemed impossible: he could not have recognized my voice, for I had not spoken aloud since I entered the room, merely whispering a few words to the president. Simard's presence there bewildered me: by this time he should be high up in the Secret Service. If he were now a spy, he would, of course, wish to familiarize himself with every particular of my appearance, as in my hands lay the escape of the criminal. Yet, if such were his mission, why did he attract the attention of all by this open-eyed examination of me?

I could not move my bench farther back because it was already against the wall. Simard, on the contrary, was seated on one of the few chairs in the room, and thus he periodically hitched forward, the better to continue his espionage, which now attracted the notice of others besides myself. As he came nearer I could not help admiring the completeness of his disguise, so far as apparel was concerned. He was a perfect picture of the Paris wastrel, and, what was more, he had on his head the cap of an Apache, of late years the most dangerous band of cutthroats that have ever cursed civilized city. I felt that before the meeting adjourned I must speak with him, and I determined to do so by asking him why he stared so fixedly at me. Yet even then I should have made little progress I did not dare to hint that he belonged to the Secret Service. Nevertheless, if the authorities had this plot in charge, it was absolutely necessary that we should work together, or at least that I should know they were in the secret, and steer my course accordingly.

The fact that Simard appeared with undisguised face was not so important as might appear to an outsider. It is always safer for a spy to exhibit his natural appearance if that is possible, because a false beard, or false mustache, or

wig run the risk of being deranged or torn away. As I have said, an anarchist assemblage is simply a room filled with the atmosphere of suspicion. I have known instances where an ordinary-appearing stranger has been suddenly set upon in the midst of solemn proceedings by two or three impetuous fellow-members, who nearly jerked his own whiskers from his face under the impression that they were false. If Simard, therefore, appeared in his own scraggy beard and unkempt hair it meant that he communicated with headquarters by some circuitous route. I realized that a very touchy bit of diplomacy awaited me if I were to learn his actual status. While I was thinking over this perplexity it was suddenly dissolved by the action of the president, and another substituted for it.

"Will Brother Simard come forward?" asked the president.

My former subordinate removed his eyes from me, slowly arose from his chair, and shuffled up to the president's table.

"Brother Ducharme," said the president to me in a quiet tone, "I introduce you to Brother Simard, whom you are commissioned to see into a place of safety when he has dispersed the procession."

Simard turned his fishy goggle-eyes upon me, and a grin disclosed wolflike teeth. He held out his hand; I arose and took it. He gave me a flabby grasp, and all the time his inquiring eyes traveled over me

"You don't look up to much," he said "What are you?"

"I am a teacher of the French language in London"

"Umph," growled Simard, evidently in nowise prepossessed by my appearance. "I thought you weren't a fighter. The gendarmes will make short work of this fellow," he growled to the president

"Brother Ducharme is vouched for by the whole English circle," replied the president firmly

"Oh, the English! I don't think anything of them. Still, it doesn't matter"— and with that he shuffled to his seat again, leaving me standing there in a very embarrassed position, my brain in a whirl. That a man was here, with his own face, was bewildering enough, but that he should be here under his own name was simply astounding. I scarcely heard what the president said. It was chiefly that Simard would take me to his own room, where we might talk over our plans. And now Simard arose again from his chair, and said to the president that if there was nothing more wanted of us we would go. Accordingly, we left the place of meeting together.

I watched my comrade narrowly. There was now a trembling eagerness in his action, and without a word he hurried me to the nearest café, where we sat down before a little iron table on the pavement.

"Garçon!" he shouted harshly, "bring me four absinthes. What will you have, Ducharme?"

"I shall have a café cognac."

"Bah!" cried Simard. "Better have absinthe."

Then he cursed the waiter for his slowness. When the absinthe came he poured a glass half full, and swallowed it raw, a thing I had never seen done before. Into the next glass, half full of the potent liquor, he poured the water impetuously from the carafe, another thing I had never seen done before, and dropped two lumps of sugar into it. Over the third glass he placed a perforated plated spoon, piled the sugar on this bridge, and now quite expertly allowed the water to drip through, the proper way of concocting this seductive mixture. Finishing his second glass, he placed the perforated spoon over the fourth, and began now more calmly sipping the third while the water dripped slowly into the last glass

Here, before my eyes, was enacted a more wonderful change than the gradual transformation of transparent absinthe into an opaque, opalescent liquid. Simard, under the influence of the drink, was slowly becoming the Simard I had known ten years before. Remarkable! Absinthe having in earlier years made a beast of the man, was now forming a man out of the beast. His staring eyes took on an expression of human comradeship. The whole mystery became perfectly clear to me without a question asked or an answer uttered. This man was no spy, but a genuine anarchist. However it had happened, he had become a victim of absinthe. He was into his fourth glass, and had ordered two more, when he began to speak

"Here's to us!" he cried, with something like a civilized smile on his gaunt face. "You're not offended at what I said in the meeting, I hope?"

"Oh, no," I answered.

"That's right. You see, I used to belong to the Secret Service, and if my chief were there to-day we should soon find ourselves in a cool dungeon. We wouldn't trip up Eugène Valmont."

At these words, spoken with sincerity, I sat up in my chair, and I am sure such an expression of enjoyment came into my face that, if I had not instantly suppressed it, I might have betrayed myself

"Who was Eugène Valmont?" I asked in a tone of utter indifference.

Mixing his fifth glass he nodded sagely.

"You wouldn't ask that question if you'd been in Paris a dozen years ago. He was the Government's chief detective, and he knew more of anarchists than either you or I do. He had more brains in his little finger than that whole lot babbling there to-night. But the Government —being a fool, as all Governments are—dismissed him, and because I was his assistant they dismissed me as well Valmont disappeared. If I could have found him I wouldn't be sitting here with you to-night; but he was right to disappear. The Government did all they could against us that had been his friends, and I for one came through starvation, and was near throwing myself in the Seine, which sometimes I wish I had done.
Here, garçon, another absinthe!

"But by and by I came to like the gutter, and here I am. I'd rather have the gutter with absinthe than the Luxembourg without it. I've had my revenge on the Government many times since, for I knew all their ways, and often circumvented the police. That's why they respect me among the anarchists. Do you know how I joined? I knew all their passwords, and walked right into one of their meetings, all alone and in rags. 'Here am I,' I said, 'Adolph Simard, late second assistant to Eugène Valmont, chief detective to the French Government' There were twenty weapons covering me at once, but I laughed. 'I'm starving,' I said, 'and I want something to eat, and more especially something to drink. In return for that I'll show you every rat-hole you've got. Lift the president's chair, and there's a trap-door that leads to the Rue Blanc I'm one of you, and I'll show you the tricks of the police.' That was my initiation, and from that moment the police began to pick their spies out of the Seine—and now they leave us alone. Even Valmont himself could do nothing against the anarchists since I have joined them."

Oh, the incredible self-conceit of human nature! Here was this ruffian proclaiming the limitations of Valmont, who half an hour before had shaken hands with him within the innermost circle of his order. Yet my heart warmed toward the wretch who had remembered me and my old exploits. It now became my anxious and difficult task to lure Simard away from this café and its absinthe. Glass after glass of the poison had brought him up almost to his former intellectual level, but now was rapidly shoving him down the hill again. I must know where his room was situated, yet if I waited much longer the man would be in a state of drunken imbecility which would not only render it impossible for him to guide me to his room, but likely cause both of us to be arrested by the police.

I tried persuasion, but he laughed at me; I tried threats, whereat he scowled and cursed me as a renegade from England. At last the liquor overpowered him; his head sunk on the metal table, and the dark blue cap fell to the floor. I was in despair, but was now to get a lesson which shows that if a man leaves a city, even for a short time, he becomes out of touch with its ways. I called the waiter and said to him:

"Do you know my friend here?"

"I do not know his name," replied the garçon, "but have seen him many times at this café. He is usually in that state when he has money'

"Do you know where he lives? He promised to take me with him, and I am a stranger in Paris"

"Have no discontent, monsieur. Rest tranquil I will intervene."

With that he stepped across the table-covered pavement in front of the café, into the street, then gave utterance to a low, peculiar whistle. The café was now nearly deserted, for the hour was very late, or, rather, very early. When the waiter returned I whispered to him in some anxiety.

"Not the police, surely?"

"But no," he cried in scorn, "certainly not the police!"

He went on unconcernedly taking in the empty chairs and tables. A few minutes later there swaggered up to the café two of the most disreputable, low-browed scoundrels I had ever seen, each wearing a dark blue cap with a glazed peak over the eyes: caps exactly similar to the one which lay in front of Simard. The band of Apaches which now permeates all Paris has risen since my time, and although the present chief of police and some of his predecessors confess there is difficulty in dealing with these picked assassins, I should very much like to take a hand in the game on the side of law and order.

The two vagabonds roughly smote Simard's cap on his prone head, and as roughly raised him to his feet

"He is a friend of mine," I said, "and promised to take me home with him."

"Good. Follow us," said one of them, and now I passed through the morning streets of Paris behind three cutthroats, yet knew that I was safer than if broad daylight was in the thoroughfare and a meridian sun shone down upon us. I was doubly safe, being free from harm from all midnight prowlers, and equally free from fear of arrest by the police. Every officer we met avoided us, and casually stepped to the other side of the street. We turned down a narrow lane, then through a still narrower one, finally into a courtyard, up five flights of stairs, where one of the scouts kicked open a door into a room so miserable that there was not even a lock to protect its poverty. Here they allowed the insensible Simard to drop with a crash on the floor, and thus they left us alone without even an adieu The Apaches take care of their own—after a fashion.

I struck a match, and found part of a candle stuck in the mouth of an absinthe bottle, resting on a rough deal table Lighting the candle, I surveyed the horrible apartment. A heap of rags lay in a corner, and this was evidently Simard's bed. I hauled him to it, and there he lay unconscious, himself a bundle of rags. There was one chair, or, rather, a stool, for it had no back. I drew the table against the lockless door, blew out the light, sat on the stool, resting my arms on the table, and my head on my arms, and slept peacefully till long after daybreak.

Simard awoke in the worst possible humor. He poured forth a great variety of abusive epithets at me, and then, to make himself still more agreeable, turned back the rags on which he had slept, and brought out a round, black object, like a small cannon-ball, which he informed me was the picric bomb that was to scatter destruction among my English friends, for whom he expressed the greatest possible loathing and contempt. Then, sitting up, he began playing with this infernal machine, knowing as well as I that if he allowed it to drop that was the end of us.

I shrugged my shoulders at this display, and affected a nonchalance I was far from feeling, but finally put an end to his dangerous amusement by telling him that if he came out with me I would pay for his breakfast and give him a drink of absinthe.

The next few days were the most anxious of my life. Never before had I lived intimately with a picric bomb, that most deadly and uncertain of all explosive agencies I speedily found that Simard was so absinthe-soaked that I could do nothing with him —that is to say, he could not be bribed, or cajoled, or persuaded, or threatened. Once,

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1, 1905

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year. In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union
Single Subscriptions, $3.25. In Clubs, $2.50 Each
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

Education by Job Lots

THOSE who will may be cheerful in the prospect that the elective system has done its worst. Even at Harvard, as was long ago pointed out, the theory has, in practice, reduced itself to absurdity. The minute subdivision of "courses" has made it impossible for those—the vast majority—who desire and need only the main outlines of the several fields of learning, to elect what they wish; and the rigid schedule of days and hours has had the result of limiting choice almost as rigidly as under a hidebound prescription of studies—and with none of the advantages of systematic arrangement. The narrow rigors of the old set curriculum are, of course, forever impossible. The modern tendency is toward a composite of the two opposed schemes—a rational grouping of elective subjects under competent professorial advice.

Particularly inspiring is the abandonment of education by job lots in the high schools and grammar schools, the pupils of which are no longer expected, like Bacon, to take all knowledge for their province. To say nothing of half-recreative exercises—drawing, singing and gymnastics—the young idea was until lately expected to take pot shots at cooking, sewing, drawing, music and commercial subjects on the one hand, and on the other no less than three languages and six sciences. Amid all these distractions, the three R's often fared like the proverbial needle in the haystack. A record of the return to first principles may be found in the proceedings of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States. The wisdom of the meeting was that one and all should emulate Voltaire's Candide, and cultivate their garden.

Charles Lamb discovered that there are books which are not books at all, and Professor Munsterberg of Harvard extended the saying to the field of education. When children have a leaning toward the bypaths of learning, they may be trusted, and especially with the help of parents, to explore them for the pure joy of a hobby. The province of the educator is to train the mind by means of such learning as is indispensable. Our educators have gone to school to that best of teachers—experience; and if the lesson has been, as it usually is, costly, the fact will serve to impress it on their minds.

Literature and Tears

DESPAIRING of the usual standards of criticism, Professor Phelps of Yale not long ago said that the final test of literature was the spinal thrill. Now comes Mr. Marriott Watson, and suggests a series of articles from eminent people on Books That Have Made Me Cry. It looks as though for some time to come tears, idle tears, will be the busiest commodity in the literary market.

Somehow or other, the prospect is not pleasing. The male creature of the Continent can still talk about his emotions with a straight face. *Ich weine* is the natural consequence in poetry of *Ich liebe dich;* and *J'ai beaucoup pleuré* is the Q. E. D. of *J'ai beaucoup aimé.* A man of genius, like Pierre Loti, can, if he happens to be a sailorman, have a girl in every port, and write a book about each, telling you how madly he loved her, and how bitterly he cried for her when Fate and the sailing of his ship tore him away from her. It is sometimes said that, as late as the spacious days of Elizabeth, your true Briton gloried in the salt stream of emotion. This may be doubted. Laertes, weeping for Ophelia, said: "Nature her custom holds, let shame say what it will"; but is there not a self-conscious apology in his words? Far more characteristic is another of Shakespeare's tearful phrases: "My eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon." Even this apologetic emotion has been impossible for three centuries.

Nowadays we are much more nearly of kin to the Scotch dominie who, when one of his congregation remarked of a Sabbath that it was a fine day, rebuked him austerely: "Ay, but it's no day to be saying it's a fine day." How far the popular curiosity as to the heart-throbs and the buttonholes of popular authors will lead us we shall not venture to predict; but when the salt flood of literary appreciation begins to rise about us, it may be predicted that many a Noah will build himself an ark.

The Gentle Art of Tax-Dodging

NEWPORT will be less gay this summer. The assessor has discovered and listed for taxation $13,313,100 of personal property which has not been taxed before.

The amount of the tax, if grossly measured in dollars and cents, is a bagatelle to Newport, but the galling fact that these particular owners of personal property were unable to escape paying these taxes must sadden and humiliate them as often as they recall it—intruding its grinning head at their richest feasts and derisively poking them in the ribs as they lie on their downy beds. It is something that few self-respecting property-owners can stand. Many millionaires have been driven from their homes by it, and gone wandering from State to State and township to township in order to escape.

Once there was a resident of Chicago who listed all her personal property for taxation. The local newspapers put it on the front page under scare heads. Such a thing had never happened before. People date reminiscences from it now, as from the year of the great fire, or the winter of the deep snow. Opinion was divided. Some thought this miraculous property-owner was merely eccentric, others argued for insanity. It was pointed out that the total personal property returned for taxation was less than it had been thirty years before when the city had a third of the population and a sixth of the wealth. The episode made a record, as they say in sporting circles. To date nobody seems ambitious to match it.

There is a trifling formality in connection with the personal property schedule. It consists of the affidavit at the bottom where the property-owner does solemnly swear that he has listed above all his taxable possessions. On account of this some timorous gentlemen draw their balances out of the bank the day before, put the money in a safe deposit vault, and with a free mind swear that they haven't it. For all they know the vault was robbed over night. The like devices by which the sensitive salve their consciences for the perjury are infinite. But the sensitive are in the minority. The hardier majority just swear their way through it and have it over with.

The art of tax-dodging has developed to a point where the man who tells the assessor the truth must pay anywhere from five to twenty times his just proportion of taxes. Everybody is acquainted with the system, but we appear satisfied with it, for nothing worth mentioning is done to change it.

The Biology of Flirtation

THE American woman abroad is corrupting the manners of her English cousins—and also her morals. This, at least, is the serious conviction of no less an observer than Lucas Malet, who has raised an interesting protest in the Fortnightly Review. The evil of the American girl's communication lies in the fact that, being a creature of "light without heat"—the result of "a climate which makes for the production of nervous energy rather than of sex"—she is able to flirt with greater *éclat* than the Englishwoman, or even the woman of the Continent, and to go to greater lengths in the game with impunity.

This is very hard on the "duller," but "more inflammable," English girl, who is not only outclassed in competition with her electrical American cousin, but is destined to be consumed untimely in the furnace of her own heart. Many sad things happen to poor Joan Bull, the very best of which is that, as Congreve's Millicent phrased it, she "dwindles into matrimony," restless and rebellious against the normal and beautiful graces of the home. The remedy for her *malaise* Lucas Malet finds in the country responsible for the disease, and ups and quotes President Roosevelt at both offenders.

Let us grant that (as Benedick discovered three centuries before our President) the world must be peopled. Does it follow that, because the English girl is dull and inflammable, her American cousin shall have no cakes and ale? Measured by old-fashioned standards, perhaps, she is a bit cold-blooded, like the brook trout of our American waters; but she is game, and, if she enjoys the contest, why should she not dart and glide, and even flaunt her jeweled beauty in the sunlight, on the way to the matrimonial landing-net? The sport is expensive, perhaps, and when she is landed she is, at times—the culinary metaphor is Wordsworth's—a creature somewhat too bright and good for human nature's daily food. But our girls are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why, therefore, should they not be flirted with?

The fact is that the American girl—and this is what European observers never see—represents a new and very significant phenomenon in the human comedy. L. F. Ward, in his recently published Pure Sociology, shows that the human race has developed three forms of sex-selection: first, that in which the female chooses; second, that in which the male chooses, and, finally, that in which choice is mutual. The Continental girl, because of the convention of the marriage of convenience, and the English girl, because of her dullness and inflammability, still fall somewhat short of the third and highest form. As for the American girl, may not her reputed coldness, and her propensity to be superfine and exacting, be due in part to the fact that she is endeavoring to make reason consort with instinct? The enterprise is perilous, and there is plenty of occasion for the warnings of wise men, from Benedick to Roosevelt. But if, in the end, wisdom and passion can be made housemates, it will be worth all the tragic-comic vagaries of the emancipated feminine intelligence.

An Embarrassment of Time-Savers

THE running-time of the fastest train between New York and Chicago, patronized largely by stock-brokers, has been reduced from twenty to eighteen hours, making it possible for the broker to follow the nerve-racking fluctuations in Steel Preferred up to half-past one instead of having to tear himself away from the ticker a whole hour earlier.

Anybody with a turn for statistics can figure out that we are now saving more time than there ever was before, but nobody seems to know where the saved time goes to. The telephone stands on the business man's desk. By aid of this marvelous instrument a man scores of miles away can call him up at any moment and ask any fool question that comes into his head. The swift—professionally swift—stenographer sits at his elbow, so that by merely speaking he can take two hundred and fifty words to say something which, if he had to use a goosequill, he would say in twenty, or not say at all and never feel the loss. The automobile or swift electric car takes him to and from his office. If he walked he would lose two hours a day and a good deal of fat and some of his appetite for highballs. The crack liner, with all the luxury and bustle of a first-class hotel, carries him across the Atlantic in five days, making it entirely practicable to get nervous prostration in mid-ocean. One can hardly imagine how men did business at all before they had these time-saving devices. But they did do it, and had rather more time to spare than the time-savers have.

Romance and the Main Chance

THE recent adventure of a young Philadelphia woman with a tramp proves that romance is not yet dead, but redoubles our worst fears that it is dying. While she was driving her brake in the country her horses got away with her, and she shrieked for help as lustily as any distressed damsel of yore. The tramp rushed from the woods, caught the horses, and stopped them, further damaging his already tattered raiment in the process. The lady, according to her own report, offered him money; "but he just quoted Byron and other poets about my hair and eyes, and said that a kiss from my ruby lips would amply repay him. Well, I hesitated, but I finally kissed him quick, jumped into the brake, and drove away." Then she added, with doubtful modesty: "I think he deserved it."

Deserved it? Of course he did! Our only quarrel is that he deserved more—not kisses, but far solider reward. When Cyrano flung to the actors the purse that contained his last livre, he consoled his regrets with the exclamation: "But what a gesture!" That Cyrano, however, was a hero of feigned romance. Your true troubadour was made of sterner stuff. In his songs he died nightly for love; but after he had sung them he accepted all the food, drink and shelter that came his way. When Horace sang and made Rome howl, Sir Mæcenas (as Eugene Field reminds us) paid the freight; and the magazine poet of to-day sticks hard and fast to his rate per line. There can be little doubt that, as this Weary Willie surveyed his tattered unmentionables, and saw the brake disappearing down the road, he was more than ever tired.

The greatest joy of the poet is to

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

And his greatest torment is to strike an attitude, and then himself have to pay the piper. When Weary Willie rescues another damoiselle, he will first get next to the long green, and then quote the poets.

Don'ts for the New Salesman

By Charles N. Crewdson

Tales of the Road

I Met Him One Day in a Hotel Lobby in Lincoln, Nebraska

SALESMEN are told many things they should do; perhaps they ought to hear a few things they should not do. If there is one thing above all others that a salesman should observe it is this:

Don't grouch!

The surly salesman who goes around carrying with him a big chunk of London fog does himself harm. If the sun does not wish to shine upon him—if he is having a little run of hard luck—he should turn on himself, even with the greatest effort, a little limelight. He should carry a small sunshine generator in his pocket always. The salesman who approaches his customer with a frown or a blank look upon his face is doomed right at the start to do no business. His countenance should be as bright as a new tin pan

The feeling of good cheer that the salesman has will make his customer cheerful; and unless a customer is feeling good he will do little, if any, business with you

I do not mean by this that the salesman should have on hand a full stock of cheap jokes—and pray, my friend, never a single shady one: nothing cheapens a man so much as to tell one of these!—but he should carry a line of good, cheerful, wholesome talk. "How are you feeling?" a customer may ask. "Had a bad cold last night, but feel chipper as a robin this morning." "How's business?" a customer may inquire. "The world is kind to me," should be the reply. The merchant who makes a big success is the cheerful man; the salesman who succeeds, whether on the road or behind the counter, carries a long stock of sunshine.

An old-time clothing man, who traveled in Colorado, once told me this incident:

"I used to have a customer, several years ago, over in Leadville whom I had to warm up every time I called around. His family cost him a great deal of money. The old man gave it to them cheerfully, but he himself would take only a roll and a cup of coffee for breakfast, and when he got down to the store he felt so poor that he would take a chew of tobacco and make it last him for the rest of the day. Actually, that man didn't eat enough. And his clothes? Well, he would dress his daughters in silks, but he would wear a hand-me-down until the warp on the under side of his sleeves would wear clear down to the woof. He would wear the bottoms off his trousers until the tailor tucked them under clear to his shoe-tops. Smile! I never saw the old man smile in my life when I first met him on my trips. It would always take me nearly a whole day to get him thawed out, and the least thing would make him freeze up again."

Selling on a Wager

"I REMEMBER one time I went to see him—you recall him, old man Samuels—and, after a great deal of coaxing, got him to come into my sample-room in the afternoon. This was a hard thing to do, because if he was busy in the store he would not leave, and if he wasn't busy he would say to me: 'Vat's de use of buying, Maircus? You see, I doan' sell nodding.'

"But this time I got the old man over to luncheon with me—we were old friends, you know—and I jollied him up until he was in a good humor. Then I took him into the sample-room and, little by little, he laid out a line of goods. Just about the time he had finished it grew a little cloudy.

"Now, you know how the sun shines in Colorado? From one side of the State to the other it seldom gets behind a cloud. In short, it shines there three hundred and sixty days in the year. It had been bright and clear all morning, and all the time, in fact, until the old man had laid out his line of goods. Then he happened to look out of the window, and what do you suppose he said to me?

"'Vell, Maircus, I like you, and I like your goots—but, ach Himmel, de clooty vetter!' And I couldn't get the old man to do any business with me because he thought the sun was never going to shine again! I cannot understand just how he argued it with himself, but he was deaf to all of my coaxing. Finally I said to him:

"'Sam, you are kicking about the cloudy weather, but I will make you a present of a box of cigars if the sun does not shine before we write down this order.'

"The old man was something of a gambler—in fact, the one pleasure of his life was to play pinochle for two bits a corner after he closed up. So he said to me: 'Maircus, you can wride down de orter, and eef dot sun shines before ve get t'rough, you can sheep de goots.'

"This was the first time that I ever played a game against the Powers That Be. I started in and the sky grew darker and darker. I monkeyed along for an hour and a half, and, just to kill time, tried to switch the old man from patterns he had selected to others that I 'thought would be a little better.' But the Powers were against me, and when I finished writing down the order it was cloudier than ever—and nearly night, too.

"Then an idea struck me. 'Now, Sam,' said I, 'I've had a cinch on you all the time. You told me you were going to take this bill if the sun was shining when I got through writing down this order. Don't you know, Sam,' said I, laughing at him, 'the sun does shine and must shine every day? Sometimes a little cloud comes between it and the earth, but that, you know, will soon pass away, and, cloud or no cloud, the sun shines just the same.'

"'Vell, Maircus,' said the old man, 'I cannod see any sunshine out de vindow, but dere's so much off id in your face dot you can sheep dot bill.' 'Sam,' said I, 'if that's the case, I guess I will buy you that box of cigars.'"

Another thing: *Don't beef!*

There is a slight difference between the "grouch" and the "beef." The man may be grouchy without assuming to give a reason therefor, but when he "beefs" he usually thinks there is a cause for it. I knew a man who once lost a good customer just because he "beefed" when a man to whom he had sold a bill of goods countermanded the order.

The Man Who "Beefed"

THE merchant was stretching his capital in his business to its limit. Things grew a little dull with him and he figured it out, after he had placed all of his orders, that he had bought too many goods. He used the hatchet a little all the way around. I had some of my own order cut off, but, instead of kicking about it, I wrote him that he could even cut off more if he felt it was to his advantage; that I did not wish to load him up with more than he could use; that, when the time came that I knew his business better than he did, it would then be time for me to buy him out

But a friend of mine did not take this same turn. Instead, he wrote the man—and the merchant thought a good deal of him, personally, too—that he had bought the goods in good faith, that expense had been made in selling the bill, and that he ought to keep them

Well, now, that was the very worst thing he could have done, because it went against the customer's grain. He let his countermand stand, and since that time he has never bought any more goods from his old friend He simply marked him off his list because it was very plain to him that the friendship of the past had been for what there was in it.

Don't fail to make a friend of your fellow-salesman!

This can never do you any harm and you will find that it will often do you good. The heart of the man on the road should be as broad as the prairie and as free from narrowness as the Egyptian sky is free from clouds One of my friends once told a group of us, as we traveled together, how an acquaintance he made helped him

"I got into Dayton, Washington, one summer morning about 4:30," said he "Another one of the boys—a big, strong, good-natured comrade, until then a stranger to me—and myself were the only ones left at the little depot when the jerk-water train pulled away. It was the first trip to this town for both of us. There was no 'bus at the depot and we did not know just how to get up to the hotel. The morning was fine—such a one as makes a fellow feel good clear down to the ground. The air was sweet with the smell of the dewy grass. The clouds in the east—kind of smeared across the sky—began to redden; they were the color of coral as we picked our way along the narrow plank walk. As we left behind us the bridge which crossed a beautiful little stream lined with cottonwoods and willows, the clouds had turned a bright vermilion. There was not a mortal to be seen save ourselves The only sound that interrupted our conversation was the crowing of the roosters. The leaves were still. It was just the right time for the beginning of a friendship between two strangers

"'Isn't this glorious?' exclaimed my friend.

"'Enchanting!' I answered. I believe I would have made friends with a crippled grizzly bear that morning. But this fellow was a whole-souled prince. We forgot all about business and the heavy grips that we lugged up to the hotel seemed light. My friend—for he had now become that to me—and myself went out to hunt up a cup of coffee after we had left our grips at the hotel."

Ten Years After

"THE next time I met that man was at the Pennsylvania Station at Philadelphia, ten years afterward

"'God bless you!' said he. 'Do you remember me?"

"'You bet your life I do!' said I. 'We walked together one morning, ten years ago, from the depot at Dayton, Washington, to the hotel.' 'Do you remember that sunrise?' 'Well, *do* I?' 'What are you doing down here?' 'Oh, just down on business! The truth is, I am going over to New York. My house failed recently and I'm on the lookout for a job.'

"And, boys, that very fellow fixed me up the next morning with the people that I am with to-day."

Again: *Don't fail to be friendly with any one who comes in your way*

Another of the boys in the little group said:

"You bet your life it never hurts a fellow to be friendly with anybody. Once, when I was going down from a little Texas town to Galveston, the coach was rather crowded. The only vacant seats in the whole car were where two Assyrian peddler women sat in a double seat with their packs of wares opposite them. But as I came in they very kindly put some of their bundles into the space underneath where the backs of two seats were turned together, thus making room for me. I sat down with them. A gentleman behind me remarked: 'Those people aren t so bad, after all.' 'Yes,' I said, 'you will find good in every one if you only know how to get it out.'

"I had a long and interesting talk with that gentleman. He gave me his card, and when I saw his name I recognized it as that of a noted lecturer."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mr Crewdson, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the work of the traveling salesman. The next will appear in an early number.

"Well, what good did that do you?" said one of the boys who was not far-seeing.

"Good? Why, that man asked me to come to his home. There I met one of his sons who was an advertising man for a very large firm in Galveston. He, in turn, introduced me to the buyer in his store and put in a good word with him for me. I had never before been able really to get that buyer's attention, but this led me into a good account. You know, I don't care anything for introductions where I can get at a man without them. I'd rather approach a man myself straight out than to have any one introduce me to him, but there are cases where you really cannot get at a man without some outside influence. This was a case where it did me good."

But, with all this, *don't depend upon your old friends!*

A salesman's friends feel that when he approaches them he does so because they are his friends, and not because he has goods to sell that have value. They will not take the same interest in his merchandise that they will in those of a stranger. They will give him, it is true, complimentary orders, charity-bird bills, but these are not the kind that count. Every old man on the road will tell you that he has lost many customers by making personal friends of them. No man, no matter how warm a friend his customer may be, should fail, when he does business with him, to give him to understand that the goods he is getting are worth the money that he pays for them. This will make a business friendship built upon confidence, and the business friend may afterward become the personal friend.

Business First

A personal friendship will often follow a business friendship, but business friendship will not always follow personal regard. Every man on the road has on his order-book the names of a few who are exceptions to this rule He values these friends, because the general rule of the road is: "Make a personal friend—lose a customer!"

Don't switch lines!

The man who has a good house should never leave it unless he goes with one that he knows to be much better and with one that will assure him of a good salary for a long time. Even then a man often makes a mistake, to his sorrow. He will find that many whom he has thought his personal friends are merely his business friends; that they have bought goods from him because they have liked the goods he sold. It is better for a man to try to improve the line he carries—even though it may not suit him perfectly—than to try his luck with another one. Merchants are conservative. They never put in a line of goods unless it strikes them as being better than the one that they are carrying, and when they have once established a line of goods that suits them, and when they have built a credit with a certain wholesale house, they do not like to fly around, because the minute that they switch from one brand of goods that they are carrying to another, the old goods have become to them mere job lots, whereas, if they continue to fill in upon a certain brand, the old stock would remain just as valuable as the new.

One of my old friends had a strong personality, but was a noted changer. He is one of the best salesmen on the road, but he has always "changed himself out." He was a shoe man. I met him one day in a hotel lobby in Lincoln, Nebraska. "Well, Andy," said I, "I guess you got a good bill from your old friend here."

"Friend?" said he. "I thought that fellow was my friend, but he quit me cold this time. Didn't give me a sou. And do you know that this time," said he, "I have a line just as good as any I ever carried in my life? I got him to go over to look—but what did he say? That he had bought, and the worst of it is that he bought from the house that I have just left and from a man that I hate from the ground up. No, he's not any friend of mine any more. The man's your friend who buys goods from you."

I didn't have very much to say, for this man had been loyal to me, but, when I went to Lincoln again, I chanced to be talking to the merchant, and he said to me:

"I like Andy mighty well. I tried to be a friend to him. When I first started with him I bought from him the Solid Comfort. He talked to me and said that Solid Comforts were the thing, that they had a big reputation, and that I would profit by the advertising that they had. Well, I took him at his word. I used to know him when I was a clerk, you know, and bought from him on his say-so the Solid Comforts. I handled these a couple of years and got a good trade built up on them, and then he came around and said: 'Well, I've had to drop the old line. I think I'm going to do lots better with the house I'm with now The Easy Fitter is their brand. Now, you see, there isn't very much difference between the Easy Fitters and the Solid Comforts, and you won't have any trouble in changing your people over.'"

Too Many Changes

"Well, I changed, and I was in trouble just as soon as I began to run out of sizes of Solid Comforts. People had worn them and they had given satisfaction, and they wanted more of them. Still, I didn't buy any at all and talked my lungs out selling the Easy Fitters.

"It wasn't but a couple of years later when Andy came around with another line. This time he had about the same old story to tell. I said to him: 'Now, look here, Andy, I've had a good deal of trouble selling this second line you sold me instead of the first. People still come in and ask for them. I have got them, however, changed over fairly well to the Easy Fitters, and I don't want to go through with this old trouble again.'

"'Aw, come on,' said he, 'a shoe's a shoe. What's the difference?' And, out of pure friendship, I went with him again and bought the Correct Shape. I had the same old trouble over again, only it was worse. The shoes were all right, but I had lots of difficulty making people think so. So when Andy made this trip and had another line, I had to come right out and say: 'Andy, I can't do business with you. I have followed you three times from the Solid Comfort to the Easy Fitter, and from the Easy Fitter to the Correct Shape, but now I have already bought those and I can't give you a thing. I am going to be frank with you and say that I would rather buy goods from you, Andy, than from any other man I know of, but still Number One must come first. If you were with your old people I would be only too glad to buy from you, but you've mixed me up so on my shoe stock that it wouldn't be worth fifty cents on the dollar if I were to change lines again. I will give you money out of my pocket, Andy,' said I, 'but I'm not going to put another new line on my shelves.'"

Don't fall on prices!

The Hat Man's Tale

The man who does this will not gain the confidence of the man to whom he shows his goods. Without this, he cannot sell a merchant successfully. A hat man once told me of an experience along this line.

"When I first started on the road," said he, "I learned one thing—not to break on prices when a merchant asked me to come down. I was in Dubuque. It was about my fourth trip to the town. I had been selling one man there, but his business hadn't been as much as it should, and I kept on the lookout for another customer Besides, the town was big enough to stand two, anyway. I had been working hard on one of the largest clothing merchants, who carried my line, in the town. Finally I got him over to my sample-room. I showed him my line, but he said to me: 'Your styles are all right, but your prices are too high. Vy, here is a hat you ask me twelf tollars for. Vy, I buy 'em from my olt house for eleven-feefty. You cannot expect me to buy goots from you ven you ask me more than odders.'

"I had just received a letter from the house about cutting, and they had given it to me so hard that I thought I would ask the prices they wanted for their goods, and, if I couldn't sell them that way, I wouldn't sell them at all. I hadn't learned to be honest then for honesty's own sake—honesty is a matter of education, anyway. So I told my customer: 'No; the first price I made you was the bottom price. I'll not vary it for you. I'd be a nice fellow to ask you one price and then come down to another. If I did anything like that I couldn't walk into your store with a clear conscience and shake you by the hand. I've simply made you my lowest price in the beginning and I hope you can use the goods at these figures, but if you can't I cannot take an order from you.' Well, he bought the goods at my prices, paying me twelve dollars for what he had assured me he could get for eleven dollars and a half

"A few days after that I met a fellow-salesman who was selling clothing. He said to me: 'By Jove, my boy, you're going to get a good account over there in Dubuque, do you know that? The man you sold there told me he liked the way you did business. He said he tried his hardest to beat you down on prices, but that you wouldn't stand for it, and that he had confidence in you.'"

Don't carry side lines!

You might just as well mix powder with sawdust. If you scatter yourself from one force to another you weaken the force which you should put into your one line. If the main line does not pay you, quit it altogether.

There are many more "Don'ts" for the salesman, but I shall leave you to figure out the rest of them for yourself—except for just one more:

Don't be ashamed that you are a salesman!

Salesmanship is just as much a profession as law, medicine, or anything else, and salesmanship also has its reward.

Salesmanship requires special study, and the fact that the schools of salesmanship which are now starting are patronized not only by those who wish to become salesmen, but also by those who wish to be more successful in their work, shows that there is an interest awakening in this profession. There is a science of salesmanship, whether the salesman knows it or not. If he will only get the idea that he can study his profession and profit thereby, this idea in his head will turn out to be worth a great deal to him.

The Golden Touch

(Continued from Page 5)

Oh, my pore leg! . . . *Just pretend to pass me the money.* . . . 'Ere, tyke yerstock, if yer 'ave to! . . . *I wouldn't rob yer, sir, indeed I wouldn't!* . . . W'ere's yer money?"

A gentle smile came over McAllister's placid countenance. Who said there was no honor among thieves? Who said there was no such thing as gratitude and self-sacrifice? He did not realize at the moment that it was the only thing Wilkins could possibly have done to save himself His simple faith accepted it as an act of devotion upon the other's part. With a swift wink at his old servant, McAllister stepped back to where Herbert was standing.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "How can I be sure this sick man's name is really Murphy, or that he is the fellow that worked at the mine? I guess I'd better have him identified before I give up my money."

"Don't be foolish!" growled Herbert. "Of course he's the man! My brother gave his description in the letter, and he fits it to a T. And then he has the certificate. What more do you want?"

"I don't know," repeated McAllister hesitatingly. He shook his head and shifted from one foot to the other. "I don't know. I guess I won't do it."

Herbert seemed annoyed.

"Look here," he demanded of the sick engineer, "are you so awful sick you can't come over to the company's offices and be identified?"—adding *sotto voce* to McAllister: "If he does, old Van Vorst will probably buy the stock himself."

The sick man moaned and grumbled. By 'ookey! 'Ere was impudence for yer. Come an' rob 'im of 'is stock, an' then demand 'e be identified!

"We'll take you in our cab. It ain't far," urged Herbert, nodding vigorously at Wilkins from behind McAllister.

"Oh, I'll go!" said the engineer with sudden alacrity. "Anything to hoblige."

He hobbled painfully out of bed. The nurse had by this time returned, and was demanding in forcible language that his patient should instantly get back. Seeing that his expostulations had no effect, he assisted Wilkins very ungraciously to get into his clothes. With the aid of a stout cane the latter tottered to the elevator and was finally ensconced safely in the cab. All this had occupied nearly an hour; twenty minutes more brought them to the New York Life Building.

JAP-A-LAC
"WEARS LIKE IRON"
Applied to
SOFTWOOD FLOORS

makes them look like fine hardwood. It dries with a beautiful luster and retains its brilliancy through wear and tear right down to the wood

Use JAP-A-LAC and discard your old, unsanitary carpets.

JAP-A-LAC comes in twelve colors, and Natural or Clear. It is a stain and varnish combined, and rejuvenates everything about the home

"You can do the work yourself."

Ask your dealer or

THE Glidden VARNISH CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JAP-A-LAC YOUR FLOORS MAKES THEM SANITARY

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.

Hats for Men

Men who want the best will ask for Knapp-Felt hats. Knapp-Felts De Luxe are $6. Knapp-Felts are $4. Good hatters sell them.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES

THE R. S. CIGAR CUTTER

F. H. RICHARDSON, 21 A Maiden Lane, New York City
Wholesale only. Knox Richardson & Co., New York

OUR PROPOSITION!

All for only 25c (stamps or silver)
Salter Silk Co., 121 Kingston St., Boston

Try it for only
one week

SANITOL
BEST FOR THE TEETH

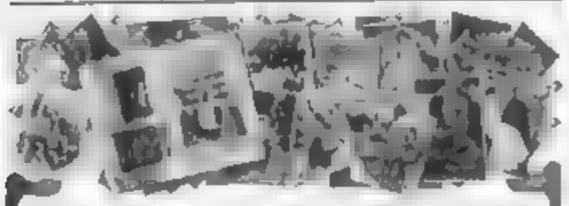
You'll be surprised to notice the *immediate difference* in the appearance of your teeth after a week's use of Sanitol Tooth Powder. Wonderful in action. Price, 25 cts. per can. Also Liquid, Paste and Brush.

Free—A most interesting and useful booklet on the teeth

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.
St. Louis

An Association of *Dentists*, conducted on the co-operative plan

Highest and *only* Award, World's Fair, 1904



Magazine clippings, art prints, posters, calendars, etc., are instantly transformed into handsomely framed pictures by the

COLLINS
Framelet

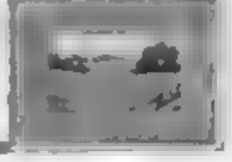
which costs but 5 cents at stationery, drug and department stores.

SAMPLE OFFER

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name together with 5 cents (which only covers cost of mailing) and we will send you a sample Framelet. *For $1.00, we will send 15 ... assorted ...*

Made in gray, brown and green. The dimensions show size of openings for picture ... 3¾ x 4¾ inches ... are 4½ ...

A. M. COLLINS MFG. CO.
223-239 Oxford Street
Philadelphia



STOCKINGS

From the Mill to You at Factory Prices

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

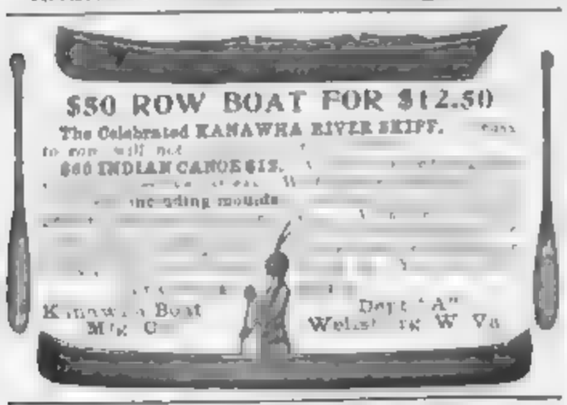
This means not only a saving to you of the profits ... but a better and extra ... in the heart of the ... Lowest ... cotton ...

8 Pairs for $1.00

... Raleigh hose are doubly reenforced at wearing points ...

References: Any Raleigh Bank or the Mercantile Agencies—Dun or Bradstreet

RALEIGH HOSIERY CO., Raleigh, N. C.



$50 ROW BOAT FOR $12.50

The Celebrated KANAWHA RIVER SKIFF. ... to cost will not ...

$60 INDIAN CANOE $15. ... including mounds ...

Kanawha Boat Mfg. Co. Dept. "A" Welsh, W. Va.

Easy Payments $37.50 to $50

Fay Sholes Co. 107 Ross St. Chicago

As McAllister and Herbert assisted their supposed victim into the building, the clubman caught a glimpse of the lean Tomlinson and athletically built Conville standing together behind the pillars of the portico. The elevator whisked them up to the fifth floor so rapidly that the sick man swore loudly that he should never live to come down again. As they turned into the corridor toward the entrance of the office, McAllister saw his confederates emerge from the rear elevator. Things were going well enough, so far. Now for the *coup d'état!*

The boy admitted them at once into the inner sanctum. As before, President Van Vorst sat there calmly smoking a cigar. At his right, in a corner by the window, stood a heavy iron safe.

"Well," said McAllister briskly, "I've brought the stock, and I've brought its former owner with it. Do you recognize him?"

"Well, well!" returned the president, stepping forward with great cordiality and clasping Wilkins' hand in his. "If it isn't my old engineer, Murphy! How are you, Murphy, old man? It's nearly a year, isn't it, since you were at Stafford?"

"Yes," replied Wilkins tremulously, "an' I'm a very sick man. I've got the skyathicer somethin' hawful."

McAllister produced the stock from his coat pocket.

"Do you identify this certificate?" inquired the clubman.

"Of course! Now think of that! I've been lookin' for that thousand shares ever since Murphy left the mine," said the Colonel with a show of irritation.

"Well, are you ready to pay for it?" demanded McAllister sharply.

The Colonel hesitated, looking from one to the other. Clearly he could not determine just how matters stood.

"Well," he remarked finally, "I can't pay for it just this minute, but I'll go right out and get the money. You see, I didn't expect you back quite so soon. Who does the stock belong to, anyhow—you, or Murphy?"

"At present it belongs to me," said the clubman.

As McAllister spoke he stepped in front of the door leading into the directors' room. From below came faintly the rattle of the street and the clang of electric cars, while in the outer office could be heard the merry tattoo of the typewriters. Could it be possible that in this opulently furnished office, with its rosewood desk and chairs, its Persian rugs and paintings, its plate glass and heavy curtains, he was confronting a crew of swindlers of whom his own valet was an accomplice? It was almost past belief. Yet, as he recalled Wainwright's vivid description of the fall of Tomlinson, the scene in the café, the advertisement in the Planet, and the strange occurrences of the morning, he perceived that there could be no question in the matter. He was facing three common—or rather most uncommon—thieves, all of whom probably had served more than one term in State's prison—desperate characters, who would not hesitate to use force, or worse, should it appear necessary. For a moment the clubman lost heart. He might be murdered, and no one be the wiser. Then a vague shadow flickered against the opaque glass of the main door, and McAllister gained new courage. Conville was just outside, with Tomlinson—although the latter could not be regarded as a valuable auxiliary in the event of a hand-to-hand struggle. Was he safe in counting on Wilkins? What if the ex-convict should go back on him? How did the valet know but that, by assisting his master, he was sending himself to State's prison? McAllister had a fleeting desire to turn and dart from the room. What business had a middle-aged clubman turning detective, anyway? Then he braced himself, took a good grip of his stout walking-stick, and turned to the Colonel with an assumption of calmness which he was very far from feeling. The noonday sun streamed into the windows and threw into strong relief the muscular figures of the group about him.

"I'm afraid you've been deceived in Murphy," he remarked coolly. "He isn't an engineer at all; he's just an ex-convict."

The Colonel uttered a swift oath and snatched a Colt from an open drawer of the desk. Herbert turned fiercely upon the clubman. Wilkins dropped his crutch.

"What are you giving us?" cried the Colonel.

"I'll leave it to *him*," added McAllister. "By the way, his name isn't Murphy at all—it's Wilkins—or Welch, if you prefer."

"What's this—a plant?" yelled Herbert.

"Don't be upset, Mr. Summerdale," said the clubman. "You might lay down that pistol, Colonel Buncomb. Wilkins is an old friend of mine—in fact, he used to work for me."

The two thieves glared at him, speechless. Wilkins picked up his crutch by the small end, remarking:

"Better go easy there, Buncomb."

"I think you gentlemen had the pleasure of meeting another friend of mine last summer, a Mr. Tomlinson," continued McAllister. "He's told me a good deal about you. I am under the impression that he paid for an automobile and a little trip you took on the Riviera. How would you like to turn back the money?"

Buncomb stood in the middle of the room pale and motionless, while the clubman opened the door into the hall and called Tomlinson's name.

"Ya-as, I'm here, McAllister. What do you want?" replied the club bore as he entered the room. At the sight of Buncomb, Summerdale and Wilkins he stopped short.

"By Jove!" he drawled, "I'm dashed if it ain't the Colonel—and Larry!"

"Look here, you—you—chappie!" snarled Buncomb. "Clear out of here! And you too, Tomlinson. Understand?" He waved the revolver threateningly.

"Colonel," remarked McAllister, "I'm here for just one purpose, and that's to collect the debt you gentlemen owe my friend Mr. Tomlinson. Wilkins, or Welch, or Murphy, or whatever *you* call him, is ready to turn State's evidence against you. I promise him immunity. There's an officer just outside. Shall I call him?"

"Is that straight, Fatty?" cried Summerdale, his face livid with fright and anger. "Are you going to squeal on us?"

"Certainly," replied Wilkins. "I'm through with you, you miserable shell-gamers! The best thing for you is to hopen the old coal-box hover there and count hout what's left of that ten thousand."

"How do we know you won't have us pinched whether we pay up or not?" asked Summerdale.

"I reckon we'd better take a chance," muttered the Colonel, laying down his revolver and dropping on his knees before the safe. The little knob spun around, the lock clicked, and the heavy door swung open, but at the same moment there was a terrific crash of glass behind them.

"Excuse noise!" exclaimed Conville, thrusting his face through the broken pane and covering Buncomb with a long black weapon. "Kindly keep your arms up, Colonel—and you too, Larry. How stout you've grown! Thank you! I was peekin' through the keyhole, and kinder thought this would be a good time to freeze on to what was in the safe."

The next instant he had unlocked the door with his other hand and snapped the handcuffs on Summerdale's uplifted wrist. While the detective was doing the same to the Colonel, McAllister caught sight of Wilkins' frightened glance, and gave a slight nod toward the door leading into the next room. Like a flash the valet had jumped through and closed and locked the door behind him. Another door banged. Conville sprang into the hall across the fragments of the shattered glass, with McAllister at his heels. They were just in time to see Wilkins leap into the room where the men were testing the fire-escape.

"Let me try it," said he, and swung himself calmly into the tube. For an instant he delayed his flight, with only his head remaining visible.

"Good-by, Mr. McAllister!" he called over his shoulder. "And thank you kindly. I won't forget, sir."

At the same instant Conville bounded through the door and rushed to the window. As he reached the sash Wilkins let go, and plunged downward. His descent was rapid, his position being discernible from the sagging of the canvas.

Barney started for the elevator in the hope of cutting off the valet's escape below, but he had miscalculated the force of gravitation. As McAllister reached the window he saw the little bulge that represented Wilkins slide gently to the bottom. There was a cheer from the bystanders as the convict stepped lightly to his feet. Then he turned for an instant, and, looking up at McAllister, waved his hand and disappeared among the crowd.

Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Both 17 Years.

REDUCED PRICE SALE

Tailor-Made Costumes
Shirt Waist Suits

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

One-Fifth Reduction From Former Prices

$6 Skirts Now $4 80
$10 Skirts Now $8 00
$18 Skirts Now $14 40
$25 Skirts Now $20 00

$4 Skirts Now $3 20
$7 Skirts Now $5 60
$10 Skirts Now $8 00
$12 Skirts Now $9 60

Jackets, Silk ...

Write for Catalogue and Samples To-Day

... two ... for one made

We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money

FREE We send free to any part of the United States our latest catalogue and samples ... garments. Write for them to day ... Fashion Fads in New York

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City

THE MOST POPULAR SHIRT BEARS THIS LABEL

Monarch

Made in all styles for men who seek the maximum of wear at the minimum of cost

Fast Color Fabrics

Dealers have them at $1 00 or $1 25

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
TROY, N. Y.
Largest Makers of Shirts and Collars in the World

BRIGHTON

FLAT CLASP GARTERS

Make All Men Comfortable

One piece. Pure silk. 25 cts. at dealers or by mail

Pioneer Suspender Co.
716 Market St.
Philadelphia

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Founded 1853 — Term opens Sept 14

BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE W CHADWICK, Director

In a Conservatory building erected for its exclusive use and surpassing in size, grandeur and equipment any school of the kind in the world, the New England Conservatory of Music presents advantages unparalleled in this country or abroad.

The scope of its courses is such that no limitations are set upon the student's ambitions.

Every Department under Special Masters.

Pianoforte, Organ, Orchestral Instruments and Vocal Music courses are supplemented by such other branches as Harmony, Musical Theory, Languages, Elocution, Choir Training, Pianoforte Accompaniment, Musical Journalism, Practical Pianoforte Tuning Course in one year, Normal Classes.

Graduates are eagerly sought as teachers.

The Concerts, Recitals, and daily associations are in themselves worth more to the student than the cost of tuition.

For all particulars and year-book address

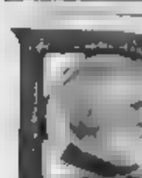
RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

Captain Wm. H. Kable, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

PEIRCE SCHOOL



ANDREW CARNEGIE

Mr. Carnegie, in 1851, graduated from Peirce School.

For catalogue address the Manager

PEIRCE SCHOOL

917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

GEM CITY Business College

Quincy, Ill.

1400 students last year. Shorthand and Typewriting. Illustrated Catalogue free.

D. L. Musselman, Pres. & Box 98, Quincy, Ill.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Northwestern University

Evanston-Chicago

A higher music school with university aims and privileges. Complete courses, including literary studies in College of Liberal Arts or Academy. Full information upon request.

P. C. Lutkin, Dean, Music Hall, Evanston, Ill.

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW

Three years' course, leading to degree of LL.B. Library 15,000 volumes. Situations secured. Our Bureau of Self-Help aids self-supporting students. Illustrated catalog mailed free. Write for it to-day.

Malcolm McGregor, Sec'y, 71 Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont

(Continued from Page 15)

indeed, when he talked with drunken affection of Eugène Valmont, I conceived a wild notion of declaring myself to him, but a moment's reflection showed the absolute uselessness of this course. It was not one Simard I had to deal with, but half a dozen of them. There was Simard sober, half-sober, quarter-sober, drunk, half-drunk, quarter-drunk or wholly drunk. No bargain you made with the one Simard would be kept by the others. The only safe Simard was Simard insensible through over-indulgence. When I resolved to get Simard insensibly drunk on the morning of the procession my plans were upset at a meeting of the anarchists which luckily took place on an evening shortly after my arrival, and this gave me time to mature the plan that was actually carried out.

Every one there knew Simard's slavery to absinthe, and fears were expressed that he might prove incapable on the day of the procession, too late for a substitute to take his place. It was therefore proposed that one or two others should be stationed along the route of the procession with bombs ready if Simard failed. This I strenuously opposed, and guaranteed that Simard would be ready to launch his missile. I had the less difficulty in persuading the company to agree with me because, after all, every man among them feared he might be one of the chosen, which choice was practically a sentence of death. I guaranteed that the bomb should be thrown, and this apparently was taken to mean that if Simard did not do the deed I would.

This danger over, I now took the measurements and estimated the weight of the picric bomb. I then sought out a most amiable and expert pyrotechnist, a capable workman of genius, who with his own hands makes those dramatic firework arrangements which you sometimes see in Paris. As Eugène Valmont I had rendered a great service to this man, and he was not likely to have forgotten it. During one of the anarchist scares a stupid policeman had arrested him, and when I intervened the man was just on the verge of being committed for life.

"Sir," said I, "do you remember Eugène Valmont?"

"Am I ever likely to forget him?" he replied with a fervor that pleased me.

"He has sent me to you, and implores you to be of what assistance you can to me, and that will wipe out the debt you owe him."

"Willingly, willingly," cried the artisan, "so long as it has nothing to do with the anarchists or the making of bombs."

"It has to do with those two things. I wish you to make an innocent bomb which will prevent an anarchist outrage.'

At this the little man drew back, and his face became pale.

"It is impossible!" he said. "I have had enough of innocent bombs. No, no, and how can I know whether you have come from Eugène Valmont or not? No, monsieur, I am not to be trapped the second time."

At this I related rapidly all that Valmont had done for him, and even repeated Valmont's most intimate conversation with him. The man was staggered, but remained firm.

"I dare not do it," he said.

We were alone in his back shop. I walked to the door and thrust in the bolt, then, after a moment's pause, turned around, stretched forth my right hand dramatically, and cried:

"Behold Eugène Valmont!"

My friend staggered against the wall in his amazement, and I continued in solemn tones:

"Eugène Valmont, who, by this remove of his disguise, places his life in your hands as your life was in his! Now, monsieur, what will you do?"

He replied:

"Monsieur Valmont, I shall do whatever you ask. If I refused a moment ago it was because there was in France no Eugène Valmont to rectify my mistake if I made one."

I now resumed my disguise, and told him I wished an innocent substitute for this picric bomb, and he at once suggested an earthenware globe, which would weigh the same as the bomb, and could be colored to resemble it exactly.

"And now, Monsieur Valmont, do you wish smoke to issue from this bogus bomb?"

"Yes," I said, "in such quantity as you can compress within it."

"It is easily done," he cried with the enthusiasm of a true French artist, "and may I place within some little design of my own which will astonish your friends the English and delight my friends the French?"

"Monsieur," said I, "I am in your hands. I trust the project entirely to your skill." And thus it came about that four days later I substituted the bogus bomb for the real one, and, unseen, dropped the picric globe from one of the bridges into the Seine.

On the morning of the procession I was compelled to allow Simard several drinks of absinthe to bring him up to a point where he could be depended on, otherwise his anxiety and determination to fling the bomb, his frenzy against all government, made it certain that he would betray us both before the fateful moment came. My only fear was that I could not stop him drinking when once he began, but somehow our days of close companionship, loathsome as they were to me, seemed to have had the effect of building up the influence which I held over him in former days.

The procession was composed entirely of carriages, each containing four persons: two Englishmen in the back seats, and two Frenchmen in front of them. A thick crowd lined each side of the thoroughfare, cheering vociferously. Right into the middle of the procession Simard launched his bomb. There was no crash of explosion. The missile simply went to pieces as if it were an earthenware jar, and there arose a dense column of very white smoke. In the immediate vicinity the cheering stopped at once, and the sinister word "Bomb!" passed from lip to lip in awed whispers. As the throwing had been unnoticed in the midst of the commotion, I held Simard firmly by the wrist, determined he should not draw attention to himself by his panic-stricken desire for immediate flight.

"Stand still, you fool!" I hissed into his ear, and he obeyed, trembling.

The pair of horses in front of which the bomb fell rose for a moment on their hind-legs and showed signs of bolting, but the coachman held them firmly, and raised his hand so that the procession behind him came to a momentary pause. No one in the carriages moved a muscle—then suddenly the tension was broken by a great and simultaneous cheer. Wondering at this, I turned my eyes from the frightened horses to the column of white smoke in front of us, and saw that in some manner it had resolved itself into a gigantic calla lily, pure white, while from the base of this sprung lilies of France, delicately tinted. Of course this could not have happened if there had been the least wind, but the air was so still that the vibration of the cheering caused the tall lily to sway gently as it stood there marvelously poised. The lily of peace, surrounded by the lilies of France! That was the design, and if you ask me how it was done I can only refer you to my pyrotechnist, and say that whatever a Frenchman attempts to do he will accomplish artistically.

And now these imperturbable English, who had sat immobile when they thought a bomb was thrown, stood up in their carriages to get a better view of this aerial phenomenon, cheering and waving their hats. The lily gradually thinned and dissolved in little patches of cloud that floated away above our heads.

"I cannot stay here longer!" groaned Simard, quaking, his nerves utterly gone to pieces. "I see the ghosts of those I have killed floating around me."

"Come on, then, but do not hurry."

There was no difficulty in getting him to London, but it was absinthe, absinthe all the way, and when we reached Charing Cross I had to help him, partly insensible, into a cab. I took him direct to Imperial Flats, and up into my own set of chambers, where I opened my strong-room and flung him inside to sleep off his intoxication, and subsist on bread and water when he became sober.

I attended that night a meeting of the anarchists, and detailed accurately the story of our escape from France. I knew we had been watched, and so suppressed no detail. I reported that I had taken Simard directly to his compatriot's flat, to Eugene

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CASCADILLA ITHACA, NEW YORK.

The original Preparatory School to Cornell ... has been represented by over 1,000 students.

President Schurman pronounces it "First ..."

C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Principal

Georgia Military Academy, ... home school for boys near Atlanta. 5th ... daily equipped.

C. J. C. Woolward, A. M., College Park, Ga.

HORNER MILITARY SCHOOL

55th Year ... Begins Next ...

C. C. BRAGDON, Prin.

LASELL SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburndale, Mass.

Lasell has ideas and methods concerning the training of girls that make it an extraordinary school. The hands and the body are trained ... courses in Domestic Economy and Applied ... Lessons in Sewing, Cooking, Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Sanitation, Conversation ... without extra cost. Special ...

C. C. BRAGDON, Prin.

Northwestern University Dental School

Offers exceptional advantages for men for the study of modern dentistry in a well-arranged course of three years. Next term begins October 4th. For detailed information write the

SECRETARY OF THE DENTAL SCHOOL

Dept. S, University Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Berkeley Academy A home school for boys; western slope of Palisades, 17 miles from New York City; extensive grounds, natural life; preparation for college or business; terms moderate. James Christie, Principal, Tenafly, N. J.

WHAT SCHOOL?

WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE

AMERICAN SCHOOL & COLLEGE AGENCY

840 Fisher Building ... Chicago, Illinois

Miss ... KIRKWOOD

Kirkwood Military Academy

Enlarged, improved, fine grounds, strong corps of teachers. Prepares for college, West Point or business. 24th successful year opens ... FRANKLIN HAMILTON, A.M.

OHIO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (INCORPORATED) Finished Education in All Branches.

Music, Dramatic Art, Languages, English Literature and Fine Art. Renowned Teachers. Select Home for ... students. Free ... CHAS. GRABINGER, ...

Government Positions

50,630 Appointments were made to Civil Service ...

An ... arrangement, containing dates, places for holding ... all ... questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission ...

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Washington, D. C.

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

... Railroad Passes to Destination. ... 40-page book telling about it—Free.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy

Estab. 35 yrs. ... Janesville, Wis.

The Reed School of Stammering

... system, methods ... No drawing. Free trial week. Send for Catalog.

FRANK A. REED, 384 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Eastwood Sandal

An Ideal "Play Shoe" for Children

Sizes 3 to 8

$1.00

A Perfect "Rest Shoe" for Adults

"going barefoot

Eastwood Sandals

Eastwood ... made by an entirely ... stitching ... all ...

Nature-Shape Lasts

... prepaid.

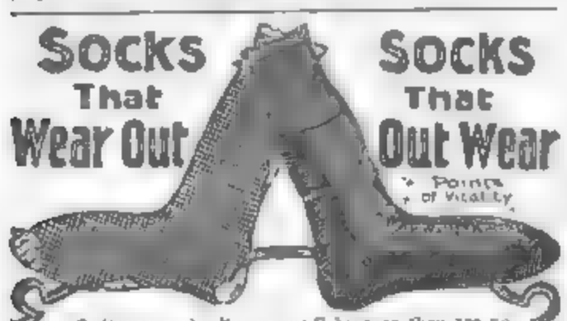
Catalogue

Eastwood Shoes

We send them free

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 171 Main St. Rochester, N. Y.

Socks That Wear Out



Socks That Out Wear

Points of Vitality

Ordinary socks "wear out," because they are no stronger where the wear comes than in any other part

VITALITY

... because it ... the service ...

Vitality

REGISTERED PATENT APPLIED FOR

THE SOCK WITH LIFE

3 pairs for 50c

The only ... Black, Tan, ... Vitality ...

... Toledo Manufacturing Co., Toledo, O.

Pears'

The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.

For goodness sake use Pears'.

Sold in America and elsewhere.

TALKING PARROTS

GENUINE Hand raised Mexican Double Yellow Heads

The Human Talker

Young Tame Nest Birds During July and August only $10

Cheaper varieties from $7.50 up

... sent any distance

... ever ... but I had to ... It is ...

GEISLER'S BIRD STORE Omaha, Neb.

PATENTS that PROTECT

72-p. Book No. 4 Mailed Free

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Valmont, the man who had given me employment, and who had promised to do what he could for our comrade, beginning by trying to break him of the absinthe habit, as he was now a physical wreck through overindulgence in that stimulant.

It was curious to note the discussion which took place a few nights afterward regarding the failure of the picric bomb. Scientists among us said that the bomb had been made too long; that a chemical reaction had taken place inside it, and had destroyed its power. A few superstitious ones among us saw a miracle in what had happened, and they forthwith left our organization. Then, again, things were made easier by the fact that the man who constructed the bomb, evidently terror-stricken at what he had done, disappeared the day before the procession, and has never since been heard of. The majority of the anarchists believed he had made a bogus bomb, and had fled to escape their vengeance rather than the law's justice.

Simard will need no purgatory in the next world. I kept him on bread and water for a month in my strong-room, and at first he demanded absinthe with threats, then groveled, begging and praying for it. After that a period of depression and despair ensued, then finally his naturally strong constitution conquered and began to build itself up again. I took him from his prison one midnight and gave him a bed in my Soho room, taking care in bringing him away that he would never recognize the place where he had been incarcerated. Next morning in my Soho lodgings I said to him:

"You spoke of Eugène Valmont. I have learned that he lives in London, and I advise you to call upon him. Perhaps he can get you something to do."

Simard was overjoyed, and two hours later, as Eugène Valmont, I received him in my flat, and made him my assistant on the spot. From that time on, Paul Ducharme, language teacher, disappeared from the earth, and Simard abandoned his two A's, anarchy and absinthe.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six stories by Mr Barr, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the adventures of the detective, Eugène Valmont.

The Young Man in the World

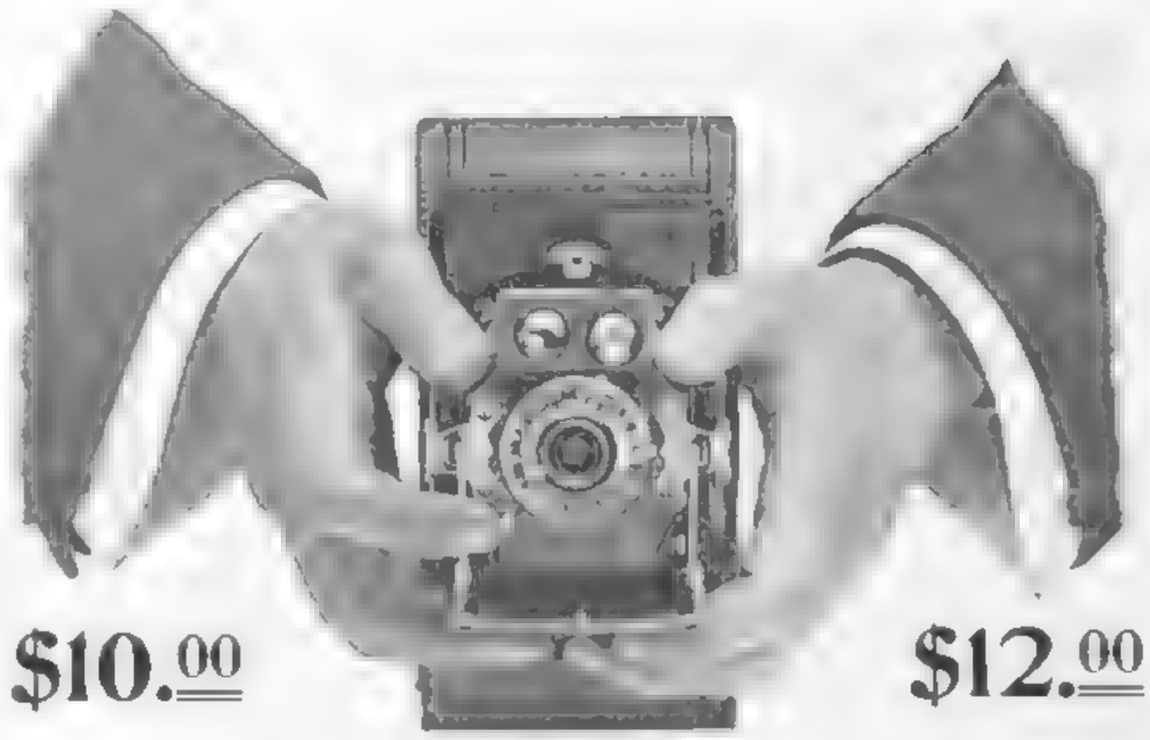
(Continued from Page 5)

These illustrations can be multiplied without limit. They are as numerous as the "issues" which can be used to influence the people. In short, beware of the demagogue in whatever guise he presents himself. Whether he wears the cloth of the pulpit, the uniform of the soldier, the garment of the reformer, he is always the same at heart: never for the people, always for himself; never for the Nation and the future, always for power and the present. Insist on the genuine.

Yes, by all means insist on the genuine. Make sure, then, that the captain whom you elect to follow is above all other things sincere. See to it that he is intellectually honest. I do not mean that he should be honest in money matters alone or in telling the truth merely. I mean that he should be square with himself as well as with you and the world. It is safe to follow such a man as this even when you do not agree with all of his public views. You know that he is honest about them; and a man who is honest within himself will change his views, no matter how dear they may be to him, when he finds that he is mistaken.

The first and last essential of the men who are to voice the opinion and enact the purposes of the American people is an honesty so perfect that it is unconscious of itself. "He does not deserve the least credit for being square," said Dr. Albert Shaw, the eminent editor, scholar and publicist, concerning a public man; "he was born that way. His mind is so upright that he cannot help saying what he thinks. It would be impossible for him to tell you or the people a falsehood. He is truth personified. His honesty works as naturally as his heart beats, quite free from the influences of his will."

That is the kind of a political leader you ought to attach yourself to while your young days last and your political and civic character is forming.



$10.00 $12.00

New Model No. 1 and 1A Folding

Pocket Kodaks.

THEY WORK WITH A SNAPPY PRECISION THAT IS A MECHANICAL DELIGHT.

With a single motion, the front pulls out to the correct focus. In closing, the bed automatically covers the working parts. Equipped with our quiet, jarless Pocket Automatic Shutter, having instantaneous, time and "bulb" action and iris diaphragm stops. Meniscus achromatic lenses of the highest grade.

POCKET CONVENIENCE—KODAK QUALITY.

No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $10.00
No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, 12.00

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Our Children's and Misses' Ribbed Cotton Stockings

Embody the same characteristic features that have made our half hose ... fabric ... style, fitting qualities, and permanency of color. While these goods are of moderate weight the quality ... more comfortable ... weight goods ... never done before ... forced to wear ... day ...

... ASK YOUR DEALER ...

... one of our many ... a half hose will be sent

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY
80 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

BABY CARRIAGE LAP COVERS

... beautiful and artistic, hand made, of Real Lace, guaranteed, exceptional offer, send $3.00, express prepaid.

S. J. FRANK, 116 Nassau St., New York.

10 ¢

OUR SPECIAL OFFER!

A 12 x 12 inch *Hemstitched* Linen ... of six very attractive designs ... of Wash Silks to work the ... All for only 10 cents ... (or 6) ... Send To-day — Stamps or Silver

A. S. LIVERMORE & CO., 121 Kingston St., Boston

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" Spavin Cure

Registered Trade Mark

Don't Ruin or Blister Your Horse

Save the Horse Permanently Cures

$5.00

At Druggists and Dealers

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

D. E. Newell, Coast Agent, 919 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Pneumatic Ball

Outlasts Them All

You simply cannot hammer the **Pneumatic Golf Ball** "out of business." No matter how hard you "top," you

Cannot Cut or Gash

its tough elastic Para Rubber cover. The ***Pneumatic*** is filled with compressed air—800 pounds to the inch. It is the most responsive for the long game—best for the putt. All it requires is occasional [illegible] and with every dozen balls we furnish free of charge, a tube of [illegible] with directions

[illegible] $5 per dozen prepaid. If [illegible] send [illegible] Circular free

THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
(Golf Ball Dept.) Akron, Ohio

The Pneumatic Golf Ball

American Twin Freezer

—the only one on the market from which you can serve two different frozen desserts: two flavors of ice cream or [illegible] ice cream and [illegible] sherbet and a custard etc.

Both [illegible] at one time, too and with [illegible] as [illegible] than with an ordinary freezer. You simply rock a lever to and fro; no stiff crank to rotate.

The American Twin Freezer is the latest product of the makers of the Gem, Blizzard and Lightning freezers and embraces their distinctive features [illegible] welded wire hoops that [illegible] drawn steel can bottoms that will not [illegible], and automatic scrapers.

Booklet of Frozen Sweets by Mrs. Rorer free.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

2 flavors—1 freezing

$1,000.00 in Cash

May be made in your **Vacation**

HERE is a chance for any live young man or woman to make big money in odd time this summer—and to have lots of fun doing it. The Empire Candy Floss Machine turns a pound of sugar into thirty bags of delicious and wholesome candy in eight minutes. Thirty bags of candy that often sells faster than you can make it at 5c a bag. Visit summer resorts—seaside and mountains—taking in $1.40 every eight minutes. Or stay home and work in your own town and at nearby Fairs, Picnics and Festivals. Machine only costs $150.00 and pays for itself at the first stand. After that all is net profit—little labor—great fun. Whether you've been at school or at work—you can't afford to miss this chance.

Write *Today*—this advertisement may not appear again. Dept. F.

EMPIRE C. S. CO., Bloomfield, N. J.
or Fisher Bldg., CHICAGO and PORTLAND, OREGON

Scrape Your Boots!

[illegible] SCRAPER
[illegible] CLEANER

[illegible] Sent prepaid anywhere for $1.50

Agents wanted [illegible] 20c

Stiles Foundry & Supply Co., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Of course, you will belong to some political party. That is all right. Be a partisan. And be a hearty partisan while you are about it. But do not be a narrow one. Never forget that parties are only modes of political action. They are not sacred, therefore. So never mistake partisanship for patriotism. Remember always that your only reason for belonging to any particular party is because you find that the best method of being an American. When your party is fundamentally wrong on some mighty question which affects the fate of the Republic, do not hesitate to leave it. It has ceased to be of any use to you. Because your political association has been with certain men that is no reason at all for continuing it. Or rather, it is purely a sentimental reason like that which makes the companionship of friends so dear, or the comradeship of soldiers so lasting.

Of course, do not break away from your party merely because you think it wrong on minor questions. If you think its general tendency right, stay loyally with it through its minor mistakes. Try to prevent those mistakes within the party. Fight like a man to make your party take the right course on every question, big or little, as you see it. But when you are unable to convince the majority of your party associates that they are wrong; when they think that you are the person who is wrong, fall in line with them and march in the ranks, battling even more vigorously than you would had you prevailed. If the majority were right and you were wrong, you ought to help execute their views. If the majority were wrong and you were right, the earlier that fact is demonstrated the better for you.

So keep step with your rank and file whether or not your party does what you think it ought to do on matters of passing moment. But, I repeat, on large issues which come to your conscience—on questions that you think vital to the Nation—you are a traitor to the Republic if, in spite of your convictions, you stand by your party and against your country. But to break with your party on minor issues is foolish. A certain class is coming to regard leaving one's party as a smart thing. But it is not a smart thing. Quitting your party does not necessarily mean independence. It may mean that, and then again it may mean stupidity—and still again it may mean merely a "sore head," as the political phrase has it.

In a country as old as ours there comes to be in politics a fundamental division. There is the constructive and progressive on the one side and the destructive and reactionary on the other side. This phenomenon is merely the centripetal and centrifugal forces of Nature at work in human society. Usually it is found that one of these parties is naturally the governing party and that the other one is naturally the party of opposition. Not only your judgment but your instincts will tell you, young man, to which one of these forces you belong. Each has its uses. You can well serve your country in either organization. It is merely a question as to whether you are in character and temperament a builder, a doer of things, or a critic of things done and the doing of them.

I have no quarrel with your partisan creed, no matter what it is. That is your business. But whatever you are, be national. Be broad. Do not be deceived by catchwords. Remember that this is a Nation in the making. When the first railroad was built across the boundaries of States it modified old-time interpretations of our Constitution. Telegraph and telephone wires, steam and electric railways, all the means of instantaneous communication which this wizard-like age of ours is weaving from ocean to ocean, are consolidating the American people into a single family. Natural conditions and the ordinary progress of industry and invention are making old methods inadequate and unjust. So keep abreast of the growing Nation in your political thinking. Solve all American problems from the viewpoint of the Nation and not from the viewpoint of State or section. Consider the American people as a People and not as a lot of separate and hostile communities. Be national. Be an American. Know but one flag.

Whatever party you belong to, and whatever your views on public questions, you will never make a profound mistake as long as you keep your civic ideals high and pure. Believe in the mission of the American people. Have faith in our destiny. Never question that this Republic is God's hand work and that it will surely do His

Unseen Things

But things worth knowing about a

SAW

THERE are unseen things about this picture of a saw. You cannot see the fine, compact texture of the Steel, which enables it to take a sharp, hard cutting edge and hold it longer than any other saw.

You cannot see the toughness of fibre, which admits of bending it double without a break or kink.

You cannot see the high quality of **Silver Steel,** known everywhere as the finest crucible steel made. It is made on the Atkins formula, tempered and hardened by the Atkins secret process, and used only in Atkins saws.

You cannot see the perfectly graduated taper of the blade which makes it [illegible] easy without buckling.

But you can see the Atkins trade-marks here shown, and they are your protection when you buy a saw. We are saw-makers and our trade-mark on a saw means that it is our own make, that we are responsible for the quality of material and workmanship, and that we are justly proud of both.

We make all types and sizes of saws for all purposes. They cost a little more than the ordinary kind, but are worth very much more.

Write for Carpenters' Handbook of useful information

All responsible dealers sell Atkins saws and guarantee them

E. C. ATKINS & Co., Inc.

Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World

Factory and Executive Offices, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BRANCHES: New York City, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland, Ore., Seattle, San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto.

Take no substitute. Insist on the Atkins Brand

Banking by Mail
4 per cent interest

When hard-headed, conservative business men send money by mail clear across the continent and even from the Philippines, Hawaii and Japan, for deposit in this bank there must be convincing reasons for it. As a matter of fact, we are getting accounts from these far-off places almost daily.

Our booklet A describes our methods and management; and explains the advantage of our simple banking-by-mail system. Write for the booklet today.

Assets twenty-six million dollars

40,000 depositors. Small accounts welcome.

The Cleveland Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO

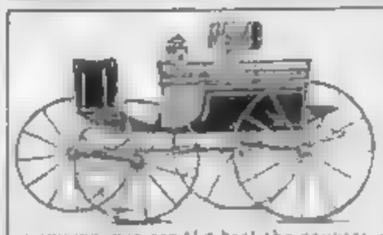
Restu

Foot Sense

Every foot [illegible] it. **Restu** is an aid to nature. Wear in any shoe. Relieves rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes and bunions, prevents flat-foot; arches the instep.

Interesting Booklet Free.

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon Pa.



No. 861

Pony Trap

$49.50

[illegible] offerings [illegible] pony wagons are the best the country affords at much less prices than you have been accustomed to pay. Write for large illustrated catalogue and wholesale price list of all kind of pony vehicles and harness.

The Dominion Carriage Co., 909-911 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

[illegible] established 18[illegible]

"Porosknit" is the BEST SUMMER

Underwear

ever made at any price

COOL, ELASTIC AND DURABLE

A Trial Proves Our Assertion

Sold by Leading Retailers at **50c**

50 c. Retail

Retailers Note—Ask Your Jobber

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

3 Shirts $5.00 MADE TO ORDER

EXCLUSIVE FABRICS

LATEST STYLE

BEST WORKMANSHIP

DO YOU know how much more satisfactory it is, how much better it looks and feels to have a perfect fitting stylish, made-to-order shirt—a shirt that fits you?

No matter where you live, send us your name and address and we will [illegible] a large number of samples of the latest designs of this season's styles, together with full instructions, measuring blank, etc., whereby we will enable you to measure yourself easily and perfectly.

You will be surprised to learn how easy and inexpensive it is to wear stylish, genteel up-to-date shirts that fit you.

Send your name and address today.

ROTHSCHILD & SONS,

"Rothschild's Corner" Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.

The reason THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER is purchased in increasing numbers year by year is because discriminating buyers investigate its merits. There must be some advantage.

300,000

use the

SmithPremier

[illegible]

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N.Y.

[illegible] everywhere

YOUR MONEY WORKING at 5% PER ANNUM

Assets $1,750,000

Surplus and Profits $150,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

[illegible] per Year

[illegible] are privileged to refer by permission to

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.

1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

WE ARE SELLING

[illegible] lots for a week

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS CLEVELAND.

Have You a Dog?

We will send if you mention its breed, Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs. How to Take Care of Dogs. Also Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog, and A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger (the famous poem), all for 10c., just to advertise Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies. Address

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.

536 Main St. Richmond, Va.

will throughout the earth. Understand that we are not living for to-day alone. Keep in mind the future—the tasks, opportunities and rewards of which for the American people will make our large performances of to-day seem like mere suggestions. Strive to make yourself worthy of this Nation of your ideals.

Of all of your ideals let the Nation be the noblest. Fear not lest you pitch your thought too high for American realities and possibilities. No single mind can scale the heights the American people will finally conquer. No single imagination can compass the American people's combined activity, power and righteousness, even at this present moment. We have defects and deficiencies; fear not, they will be remedied. We have perplexities and problems; fear not, they will be solved. We have burdens foreign and domestic; fear not, we will bear them to the place appointed and, at the hands of the Master who gave us those burdens to carry, receive the reward for the well doing of our work, and, strengthened by our labor, go on to other, heavier and nobler tasks which He will have ready and waiting for us.

For this Nation of ours is here for a purpose. God did not give us our liberty for nothing, or our location, or our physical resources, or any element of our material, intellectual or spiritual power. No, the Father of Lights has thus highly endowed us that we may do the very things which are at our hands to-day and other things which will follow. It is for us Americans to solve the problems that confront us, and we will.

With this ideal of your Nation's place and purpose in the world, young man, live up to it. Be an American.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Senator Beveridge on The Young Man in the World. The next will appear in an early number.

Her and Him

Love in Outline

'Twas in a breach-of-promise suit the letters all
were read,
And here is what the opening words of her
epistles said:
"Dear Mr. Smith." "Dear friend." "Dearest Jo[illegible]
"My cherished Lucky Leaf Clover."
My [illegible]." "Dear friend." "Dear
Sir." "Yours truly."—and all was over.

Who's Afraid?

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in
a kiss
That dire distress may reach us through that
avenue of bliss.
They say that with the honey men are all so
prone to sip
The dreadful bacteria germs pass from lip to lip.
The [illegible] greetings that awaken happy
thrills
May bring us months of sickness and a lot of
doctor's bills.
But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty
maid
He's apt to say: "Oh, hang the quacks!
Plague take them! Who's afraid?"

A Weakling

It's a fact every man would be glad to dispute
But there seems no good way to defeat it:
Adam hadn't the courage to gather the fruit,
But seemed perfectly willing to eat it.

Sentimental Geography

"How far is it around the world?"
In girlish innocence asked she.
"Ah, let us measure it, my dear,"
Her lover made reply [illegible]
Then when he'd placed [illegible] right arm
Around her waist so small and trim,
He found it was [illegible]
For she was all the world to him.

Two Views

If all of the women were good as the few
I'd say: "Let us sanct[illegible] the whole lot"—
wouldn't you?
But, oh! if the few were as false as the crew
And I did the sainting, there wouldn't be any.

From the Cynic

[illegible] woman may [illegible] keep
If [illegible] has [illegible]
There's some of the lot has [illegible]
And two other [illegible]
—Anon Haderman.

The Triple Motion

WHITE MOUNTAIN

Ice Cream Freezer

The easiest and quickest freezing apparatus ever invented. With this famous freezer (which alone possesses the wonderful *triple motion*) you can make an unlimited variety of delicious ice creams, frozen fruits, sherbets, puddings, beverages, and other dainties *at home* and at a cost so small that it will astonish you.

"Frozen Dainties" FREE

We will send you FREE a copy of our *new* and beautifully illustrated book, "Frozen Dainties." This book gives a famous caterer's receipts for 50 different kinds of ices, sherbets, puddings and other frozen things easily made at home. Also explicit directions for operating the freezer to obtain the quickest and best results. Write for a copy to-day.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.

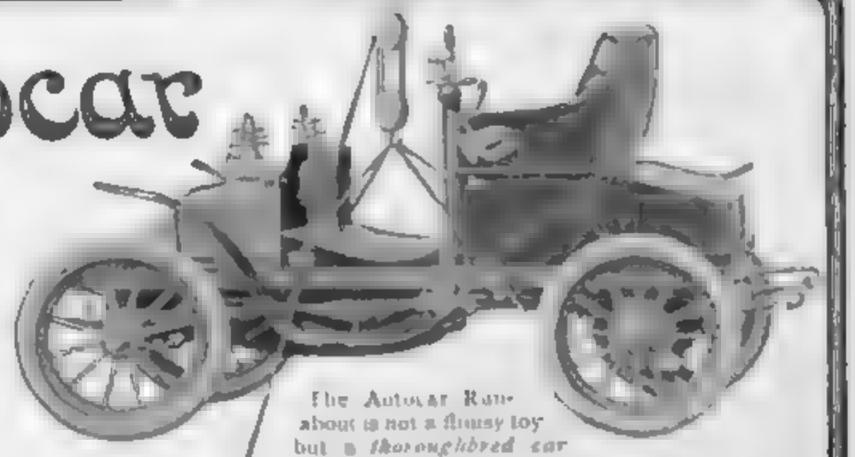
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.

Autocar

Type X

$900

The Runabout That Can Lift 275 Times Its Own Weight



The Autocar Runabout is not a flimsy toy but a *thoroughbred car* built along the lines of the best foreign and American touring cars. *Strong, powerful* and *fast*. It weighs 1200 lbs. and has a motor of ten horse-power—*able to lift 275 times the weight of the car.*

This motor is of the two cylinder opposed type—practically vibrationless. Motor is located *under hood* in front where it is instantly accessible. There are *three* forward speeds and reverse. The car can be run from *3 to 35 miles an hour*, and is a great hill climber. In addition to the above features the Autocar Runabout has *ball bearings*, and *shaft drive*. The price of this car is $900. Our catalogue fully describes and illustrates it, together with our Type VIII, four passenger, $1400 car and Type XI, four-cylinder, side entrance touring car. Catalogue and dealer's name free.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

Ice Cream in Ten Minutes

EVERYTHING BUT THE ICE.

Simply stir the contents of one package of

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder

into a quart of milk and freeze. Make the best ice cream you ever ate. Pure and wholesome; approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Highest Award at St. Louis Exposition. Your grocer supplies you, or send us 25c. for two packages, enough for a gallon of ice cream.

Four kinds: Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry and Unflavored.

Send for new illustrated Recipe Book just issued.

The GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Nothing equals Jell-O as a dessert. 6 flavors. 10 cts. per package.

BRAIN BROKERS

WE FIND markets for brains and now have listed in our 12 offices the best opportunities in all parts of the country. If your ability is worth telling employers about, write us to-day, stating position, salary desired. We need at once over 500 capable Salesmen, Executive, Clerical, and Technical men to fill positions paying $1000-$5000. Why not let us consider you for some of them?

HAPGOODS

Suite 509, 309 Broadway, N. Y.

RESOLVE TO SAVE

then mail your deposits to

The Citizens Savings and Trust Co. Cleveland, Ohio

Send for booklet "M," showing how your money will earn

4% Interest

and be secured with capital and surplus of

SIX MILLION DOLLARS

and assets of

FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

We solicit accounts of any amount from One Dollar to Ten Thousand Dollars.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, Portland, Oregon

Visitors accommodated in Private Homes—Best residence section—All conveniences—$1.00. No. 661 Hoyt Street, corner 21st. "M" St. Car Depot to door. Write us come.

The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 9)

newspapers say. There are thousands of newspaper men all over this country, who get a dollar or two a column for that sort of mud. Then these same fellows come around to us and hold out their hands for tips or bribes. You take their lies for proved facts. I have never taken the trouble to answer their charges and never shall. I will answer for what I have done."

"To whom?" May asked ironically "To God? I should like to see Van Harrington's God! He must be different from the One I have prayed to all these years."

"Maybe He has more charity, May!"

"Are you asking for charity, my charity as well as God's?" she blazed.

"Well, let that go; I shall answer to the people now."

"Yes! And God help this country, now that men like you have taken to buying seats there at Washington!"

We said nothing for a while after this, and then I arose to go.

"We don't get anywhere this way, May. I came here wanting to be friends with you and Will—wanting to help my brother. You needn't take my money if you think it's tainted. But can't you feel friendly? You are throwing me off a second time when I come to you wanting your love."

She flushed at the meaning under my words, and replied in a lower voice:

"It would do no good, Van. You are feeling humble just now, and remorseful, and full of old memories. But you don't want my love now, in real truth, more than you did before." Her face crimsoned slowly. "If you had wanted it then you would have stayed and earned it."

"And I could have had it?"

Instead of answering she came up to me and took my arms in her two hands and pulled my head to her

"Good-by, Van!" she said, kissing me.

As I stepped out of the door I turned for the last time:

"Can't you let me do something for my brother, who is a sick man?"

Tears came to her eyes, but she shook her head.

"I know he's sick, and likely to fail in what he's doing. But it can't be helped."

Outside little Van was sitting on the ground playing with a broken toy engine. I put my hand on his little tumbled head, and turned to his mother.

"I suppose you wouldn't let him touch my money, either?"

She smiled back her defiance through her tears

"You had rather he'd grow up in the alley here than let me give him an education and start him in life!"

I waited several moments for her answer

"Yes!" she murmured at last, very faintly

The little fellow looked from his mother to me curiously, trying to make out what we were saying

So I went back to the city, having failed in my purpose. I couldn't get that woman to yield an inch. She had weighed me in her scales and found me badly wanting. I was Senator of these United States, from the great State of Illinois; but there was Hostetter, and the old banker Farson, and my best friend Slocum, and my brother Will, and May—and their little children.

The smoke of the city I had known for so long drifted westward above my head. The tall chimneys of the plants in this district poured forth their stream to swell the canopy that covered the heavens. The whir of machinery from the doors and windows of the factories filled the air; the trucks ground along in the car tracks—traffic, business, industry—the work of the world was going forward. A huge lumber boat blocked the river at the bridge, and while the tugs pushed it slowly through the draw I stood and gazed at the busy tracks in the railroad yards below me, at the line of high warehouses along the river. I, too, was a part of this. The thought of my brain, the labor of my body, the will within me had gone to the making of this world. There were my plants, my car line, my railroads, my elevators, my lands—all good tools in the infinite work of the world. Conceived for good or for ill, brought into being by fraud or daring—what man could judge their worth? There they were, a

IT SATISFIES THE THIRSTY AND HELPS THE WEARY

20,000 Boys,

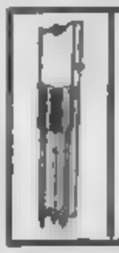
SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, have been supplied with our complete and interesting catalog, telling them about our famous line of athletic goods. EVERY BOY INTERESTED IN SPORTS SHOULD HAVE OUR CATALOG, WHICH IS A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ALL ACCESSORIES PERTAINING TO MODERN SPORTS.

We will send any article in this catalog direct to your home address, *delivery charges prepaid*, upon receipt of price. This is a new departure for us, and means a prompt, satisfactory and easy method to obtain the finest sporting and athletic goods in the world from a firm which has been in the business since 1826. Remember that all of our goods, bearing our well-known trademark, are guaranteed by us, and we will cheerfully refund the money for any article purchased, or send new goods in exchange if not satisfactory.

Our W. R. & S. League Balls, Bats, Baseball Uniforms, Catchers' Mitts, Masks etc. are without an equal. If you have not already procured one of our catalogs, send five 2 cent stamps for it [illegible]. Be sure and ask for catalog No. [illegible] and be sure to mention this paper.

WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

WM. READ & SONS. TRADE MARK BOSTON, MASS.



REMOVES EVERY WEED—50c

Champion [illegible] weeds from your lawn, [illegible] crown of the weed, and pull [illegible] and the ejector throws it out. The prongs are steel, set into a malleable head, which is firmly [illegible] to a 3 ft. handle. It's unbreakable and will last for years. Price, Express Prepaid, 50c. Guaranteed Satisfactory. Money back if it doesn't do the work.

CHAMPION WEED PULLER CO., 706 Railway Exchange Building, CHICAGO

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

WANTED A SHORT STORY Written. For further particulars, communicate by mail only with WM. G. JOHNSTON & CO., Penn at Ninth, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Butlers in the best families, chefs in leading hotels and cafes and all first-class cooks can tell you that Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Gravies, Game, Salads, etc., are given a rare and appetizing relish if seasoned with **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.** Refuse imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

LET ME DO YOUR COOKING

Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, custards—in short, the whole meal for the whole family, into my ample shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other way, over ONE BURNER of stove, range, gas, gasolene or oil stove?

I come in both round and square shapes—both kind have whistles. Prices $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50 up.

No watching; no basting; nothing overdone nor underdone. I am the

IDEAL

Combination Steam Cooker and Baker

made of heavy tin *or copper*, with ALL COPPER, seamless drawn tank; seamless top. No sharp corners on me to catch the clothing or hands or to retain grease and dirt. I BLOW MY WHISTLE 20 minutes before water needs replenishing; never go on a strike nor talk back. I CUT THE COST OF FUEL and WORK IN HALF, save time and wear and tear on your temper and vocabulary. I hold 12 one-quart cans in canning fruit. Write right now for

Free Book 48 pages. It tells you all about me. Gives full details; letters from people all over the land who would not do without me for ten times what I cost.

J. A. ROSS, Canadian Rep., Winnipeg, Manitoba

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk T, Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED.

Crown Make

"COATLESS" SUSPENDER

It's out of sight.

Under the Overshirt
Over the Undershirt

Fastened On Each Hip Button of the Trousers, Sits Gracefully and Comfortably.

A Summer Luxury

At all good shops.

If not at your dealer's, we will mail postpaid on receipt of

Price 50c

Address: THE CROWN SUSPENDER CO.
Dept. A 941 Broadway New York

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, list of inventions wanted for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 667 F St., Washington, D. C.
New York Offices—132 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

SQUABS are money-makers. Ready for market when four weeks old. Breeders produce from 8 to 20 pairs every year. Each pair can be sold for 35 to 50 cents. Our Homers produce the finest squabs in this country. They require little attention. Send for information and prices.

HOMER SQUAB COMPANY
Box Q, Lindenhurst, N. Y.

part of God's great world. They were done, and mine was the hand. Let another, more perfect, turn them to a larger use; nevertheless, on my labor, on me, he would build.

Involuntarily my eyes rose from the ground and looked straight before me, to the vista of time. Surely there was another scale, a grander one, and by this I should not be found wholly wanting.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEN it came time to go to Washington to take my seat, my friend Major Frederickson, of the Atlantic and Great Western road, placed his private car at my disposal and had a special train for my party. Sarah and the girls had come back from Paris in time to accompany me to Washington. The girls were crazy over going; they saw a lot of parties and sights ahead, and I suppose had their ideas about making foreign matches some day. The boy was to meet us there, and he was rather pleased to be the son of a Senator.

Among those who made the trip with us there were Slocum and his wife, of course, John Carmichael, young Jenks and his pretty little wife, and a dozen or more others. We had a very pleasant and successful journey. A good deal of merriment was occasioned by a string of pearls that young Mrs. Jenks wore, which had been the talk of the city lately. The stones were of unusual size and quality, and had been purchased through a London dealer from some titled person. Jenks had given them as a present to his wife because of the success of the beef merger, which had more than doubled the fortune old Randolph Jenks left him when he died. The pearls being so perfect and well known in London, caused a lot of newspaper talk. They were said to be the finest string in the United States, and there were articles even in the magazines about Mrs. Jenks and her string of pearls.

Finally, some reporter started the story that there was a stone for every million dollars Jenks had "screwed out of the public by the merger"—twenty-seven in all. (For there was beginning to be heard all over the clamor about the price of food, and how the new combination of packers was forcing up prices—mere guesswork on the part of cheap socialistic agitators that was being taken seriously by people who ought to know better.) One paper even had it that pretty little Mrs. Jenks "flaunted around her neck the blood-bought price of a million lives."

So it had come to be a sort of joke among us, that string of pearls. Whenever I saw it I would pretend to count the stones and ask Mrs. Jenks how many more million lives she was wearing around her neck to-night. She would laugh back in her pretty little Southern drawl:

"The papers do say such dreadful things! Pretty soon I sha'n't dare to wear a single jewel in public. Ralph says it's dangerous to do it now, there are so many cranks around. Don't you think it's horrid of them to talk so?"

Sarah had her string of pearls, too; but it was much smaller than the famous one of Mrs. Jenks. Sarah didn't altogether like Mrs. Jenks and used to say that she plastered herself with jewels to show who she was.

Well, the pearls went to Washington with us on this trip, and made quite a splendid show, though we used to joke Ralph Jenks about sitting up nights to watch his wife's necklace. The fame of the pearls had got to Washington ahead of us, and the Washington Eagle had a piece in about the arrival at the Arlington of the new Senator from Illinois and the "packers' contingent" with their pearls! People used to turn around in the corridors and stare at us, not so much at the new Senator as at Mrs. Jenks' pearls!

I had already taken a house in Washington, and Sarah soon was busy in having it done over for us. We had shut up the Chicago house, and after discussing the matter with Sarah I turned over the Vermilion County property to a society, to be used for a girls' reform school. Sarah talked it over with the young fellow I met on the train, who first put the idea into my head, and she seemed to take great pleasure in the plan, wanting me to give an endowment for the institution, which I promised as soon as my packing company stock was straightened out. Now that I had failed to put Will and his family down there, as I had set my heart on doing, I had no more wish to go back there than Sarah had. And as a home to take women to who

FROM SAILOR BOY TO IRON MASTER

NOT many years ago a lad of sixteen had his home in a large Eastern city along the historic Delaware.

The ships as they tugged at their moorings, discharging cargo after cargo from far off lands, solicited the greatest concern of his impressionable mind. To see these places and to live the tales of the sea which he heard became a resolve by day and a dream by night. This soon shaped itself—the Pennsylvania schoolship offering the sought for opportunity, and a berth on board was readily secured.

Eighteen months before the mast, buffeted about by wind and wave, toughened the muscles and bronzed the cheek—a fitting preliminary to future events.

His was a jolly life, a life whose sum and substance was turn about work and play, though it led no farther than the bowsprit.

The cruise over, a position as apprentice in a boiler shop was obtained. This work was hard. Heavy iron plates must needs be hammered and rolled and coaxed into shape. The forge was hot—the tongs heavy, and it took strong muscles to drive and clinch the rivets—yet the pay envelope on Saturday night could boast but six dollars for the whole week's work.

Prospects were as dark as the heavy black plates which he daily hammered. Toil and labor as he would for years, it might make him a steady worker and a skillful mechanic—but there, perchance, progress must stop.

Seven o'clock every morning saw him in overalls and jumper with another day of toil ahead. The dinner pail at noon was the only solace; for hunger, at times, makes any of us forget our troubles. It went on this way for three long years, till one day he saw an advertisement of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, telling of their plan by which workers could prepare themselves for higher positions without losing time from their work. The proposition it made seemed so straightforward and so easy that he filled in and mailed the coupon without delay. This was the turning point in his career. By return mail he received full details of the easy I. C. S. road to success. He learned that thousands of young men and women all over the world have profited by the I. C. S. instruction—why not he? An apprentice's pay didn't offer much latitude in the selection of an education, but the determination to "do" asserted itself, and the mechanical course was decided upon.

Soon the lessons began to come. No longer did the boys find him at the old haunts and the "night off" soon took on a new meaning.

The hour or two with the lessons in the evening soon showed by marked progress in the shop. Problems which formerly were mysteries to all but "the boss," were now clear and practical. Success was at last within reach. His increased abilities soon won him the important post of assistant foreman. From here it was but a step to the coveted position of constructing engineer. The duties were now most exacting. Tanks and stacks and power plants were in course of erection, and serious problems now confronted the young engineer, requiring a level head and a steady hand. The lessons kept pace with the work, however, and difficult problems easily simplified themselves.

The rest, briefly told, is the story of big things accomplished in a brief period of time.

It might be related how an interest in the business was acquired, finally disposing of this and organizing and equipping the present large works.

A trip through the plant of the Philadelphia Iron Works reveals how great a success can be achieved through determination and perseverance, when backed by thorough training.

Mr. James Thompson, the proprietor, while piloting you through the maze of machinery and amid the roar and rattle might relate for himself when the dinner pail was emptied for the last time, and how the apprentice boy of yesterday became the proprietor of to-day, and how the I. C. S. helped him to build up a business of immense proportions.

Mr. Thompson says: "I left home early, consequently my education was limited, and while plugging away in the boiler shops at a dollar a day I realized the need of systematic knowledge so essential to success. I took the mechanical course of the I. C. S., worked hard and soon mastered the studies. In my opinion the International Correspondence Schools are the greatest in the country, as they supply just the right knowledge and in the right form for the man or woman who must get practical results. The bound volumes of the course are kept in the office and are referred to from time to time. The books are really invaluable to anyone in the capacity of engineer."

This is but one of thousands of such stories—stories that lose in the telling. It's the old, old story—ever new, of grasping opportunities. The opportunity is yours—to-day. What the I. C. S. have done for Mr. Thompson they can do for you. No matter what your occupation or position in life, the I. C. S. can help you to advance. The I. C. S. can help you to qualify in your spare time for a better position, or for promotion in your present occupation. This is done by their system of training by mail. The courses are inexpensive. Text books are furnished without extra charge.

The coupon below represents your opportunity to rise in the world. To fill in and mail to us this coupon is so easy a thing to do that you may underestimate its value. But it was just that simple little thing that put Mr. Thompson and thousands of others on the straight road to fortune.

Study the list and decide which occupation you want to enter, mark the coupon and mail it to us. By return mail we will give you full details of how we can fit you for the place you want, and we will send you our booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," telling what the I. C. S. have done for a thousand and one of our students. Mail the coupon to-day.

International Correspondence Schools,
BOX 908, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechanical Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Building Contractor
Illustrator	Architl Draughtsman
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Structural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Bridge Engineer
Electrician	Foreman Plumber
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

SAVAGE

Difference

Every Savage-Junior 22-caliber Single-shot Rifle ejects the shell after cartridge is fired. An exclusive Savage feature. This Rifle has a solid American walnut stock.

When it comes to Rifles, the Savage is different.

Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15 cents.

"No savage beast would dare to trifle
With a man who shoots a Savage Rifle."

Savage-Junior Single-shot, $5.00

Savage-Junior (same "Special" finish) $7.00

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either Rifle delivered, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.

7 Turner St., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

BAUSCH & LOMB

PLASTIGMAT

the highest achievement of the lens-maker's art. Makes perfect pictures where others fail.

When fitted with the

Volute Shutter

an ideal outfit for any camera. Specify Plastigmat and Volute when ordering your Camera. They are supplied on all makes.

Catalog Free.

Bausch & Lomb Opt. Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

EDUCATOR SHOES

"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD."

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid.

Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.00
Child's, 8½ to 11, 1.75 Girls', 2½ to 6, 2.00

Add 25 cents for delivery.

Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength.

Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Ask your dealer for Educators or send to us.

Take no imitation.

Educator Rubbers fit Educator Shoes.

THE WRONG WAY

THE EDUCATOR WAY

RICE & HUTCHINS
Shoemakers
17 High Street, Boston

To Gas Engine Operators
Dynamo Ignition.

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

No battery to start or run. The original speed-controlled friction-drive Dynamo. Driven parallel with engine shaft. No belts. No beveled pulley or beveled fly wheel necessary. For make and break and jump-spark system. Water and dust proof. Fully Guaranteed.

Write for 32-page catalog, FREE.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. *Write*

SEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago.

hadn't a fair chance in life it might do some good in the world.

It was a pleasant, warm day when my colleague, Senator Drummond, came to take me to the Senate. My secretary and Slocum accompanied us up the broad steps. As we turned in from the street with the Capitol before us, my eye fell upon a broad advertising board that was turned crosswise on a vacant piece of property. One of the conspicuous advertisements that caught my attention was:

THE DUCHESS BRAND
STRICTLY FARM-MADE SAUSAGE
BEST IN THE WORLD

It was one of Strauss' "ads." Slocum pointed to it with a wave of his hand; and I thought I caught a smile on the lips of my colleague, which might have been scornful. So I paused before we passed beyond the sign of the Duchess brand.

"It was good sausage, Slo! At least it was when we made it."

"And it did pretty well by you!" he laughed.

Senator Drummond had moved on with my secretary, and we followed after them slowly, up the great steps.

In the Senate chamber, in one of the galleries, there was a group of women sitting about Sarah, waiting to see me take the oath. One of them waved a handkerchief at me, and I caught sight of Mrs. Jenks' pearls as she leaned forward over the rail.

On my desk was a bunch of American Beauty roses: I did not have to look for the card to know that they had come from Jane.

(THE END)

Children of the Vine

FOR the sake of reducing the cost of transportation, vineyardists in this country are contemplating a rather novel kind of experiment. They purpose to evaporate grape-juice to as near a solid substance as possible and to ship it in this form from California across the continent, or to Europe. After reaching its destination, the condensed must will be reduced to the requisite thinness by the addition of pure water, and will be converted into wine.

Another project entertained is the manufacture of grape syrup, which, it is thought, might be built up into a large and profitable industry. The processes involved demand close care and attention, but are exceedingly simple, and the machinery employed is not at all expensive.

There are a number of by-products of the wine-making industry which are valuable, though hitherto they have been ignored and thrown away by grape-growers in this country. In Europe, after the squeezed pulp from the wine-press has been dried it is separated into stems, shells and seeds. From the stems paper is made, and from the shells, which may be separated from the seeds on a sieve, tartaric acid is extracted. The seeds are fed to horses, cattle and poultry, just like grain, and are said to be preferable to oats.

A ton of grapes will yield from twenty to one hundred pounds of seeds, and from the latter quantity may be obtained three quarts of oil, which, in addition to its merits for the table, makes a superior soap and can be used as a substitute for linseed oil. After the oil has been extracted there remains a meal which is an excellent feed for cattle. The manufacture of oil from grape-seed is said to be an Italian invention, and the province of Verona alone makes annually about 600,000 pounds of the product.

Fresh grapes are utilized nowadays in many ways that were unheard of a few years ago. They are put up in cans, made into pickles, employed as a material for marmalade, and, either in the green or ripe state, are prepared in a form known as "grape butter" which is served as a relish with meats.

The largest grapevine in the world is in California, and was planted in 1842 by a Spanish woman. Beneath its spreading branches, which cover nearly half an acre, eight hundred persons could find protection from the heat of the sun. The first election under American rule in Santa Barbara County was held under its wide-reaching shade. In 1893 it bore eight tons of grapes, and in 1895 over ten tons. Its trunk is seven feet in circumference.

Free Sample on Request

Amatite ROOFING

"OF COURSE I'M PLEASED. That roof used to leak like a sieve. Now I've put on AMATITE and my troubles are over." Best for all kinds of farm buildings. It keeps the grain and stock dry. Nails and cement supplied with each roll. Anyone can do the work. It is mineral surfaced and requires no coating.

Free Sample upon request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Allegheny, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Cleveland, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Minneapolis

Free Sample on Request

Free Sample on Request

16 Ft. Torpedo Stern Launch $135

Length 16 ft., beam 4 ft. 2 in., equipped with 2 cycle, single cylinder engine 1½ h. p., light in weight but powerful and reliable—speed 6 miles an hour. An elegantly equipped full designed Motor Boat.

Mullins Stamped Steel Boats Can't Sink

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

Staunchly built of strong, rigid steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat, they are buoyant—strong—safe—speedy—as much better than a wooden boat as a steel greyhound is better than a wooden schooner. They don't leak, crack, dry out, wear out or become water-logged and can't sink because of the air chambers. Every boat guaranteed.

Row Boats, $20 up; Motor Boats, 16 ft., 1½ h. p. $135; 16 ft., 3 h. p. $165; 18 ft., 3 h. p. $240

Catalogue of all styles sent on request. Prompt shipments made.

The W. H. Mullins Company (The Steel Boat Builders), 120 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio
Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Black Satin
THE PERFECT
Stove Polish

Patented in U. S. and Canada

Only non-explosive oil polish. Enamels all iron a glossy, jet black with a brilliant lustre that can be washed like a dish. Won't burn red or burn off. No dust or odor. Polishes nickel. Most economical—you never used anything like it. At dealers, 25 cents, or from factory by mail, prepaid, 35 cents and dealer's name. House-to-house canvassers wanted.

BLACK SATIN POLISH COMPANY
Room 342 107 Chambers St., New York City.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order, serving one squab. There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in One Month; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 165 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

No Money Required

until you receive and approve of your bicycle. *We ship to anyone on*

Ten Days Free Trial

Finest guaranteed 1905 Models $10 to $24
With Coaster-Brakes and Puncturelss Tires.
1903 and 1904 Models of Best Makes $7 to $12
800 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and Models good as new $3 to $8

GREAT FACTORY CLEARING SALE

Rider Agents Wanted in each town at good pay. *Write at once* for catalog and Special Offer.

TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 55, Chicago

7% Gold Bonds

Secured by Choice First Mortgage on improved income-producing

GEORGIA REAL ESTATE

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN COMPANY

Geo. A. Smith, President Macon, Ga.

BOYS!

Earn Money During Vacation

Every boy can turn his spare time into money during vacation. Some boys are making $15.00 a week. The work is easy. No capital required to begin—we supply everything necessary to make money right from the start selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If you wish to try it write to us and we will furnish ten copies of the magazine free of charge, to be sold at 5c each. After that all you require at wholesale price. We will also send booklet written by some boys telling how they work.

$250.00 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES
this month for boys who do good work. A part of it is reserved for boys who start next week.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3125 Arch Street, Philadelphia

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

IN THE NEW BOX

We Couldn't Improve the Soap
So We Improved the Box

Full nickeled and with convenient screw top. Appropriate to stand among the toilet articles of men of refinement, and worthy of the finest shaving soap in all the world.

The use of Colgate's Shaving Stick does away with the mussy operation of rubbing the lather into the beard with the fingers. Little soap and plenty of water is the keynote of its use.

Until you have followed the directions in each box, you have no right to believe that you know what a PERFECT shaving lather is. Take a stick of this soap with you on your Summer Outing.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a trial stick in a trial size nickeled box, enough for a month's shaving

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806 — Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap — 55 John St., New York

SEAMAN